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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

PERHAPS the most important of these just now is the Turkish Loan, which indirectly awakens so many more questions. Ever since the Russian war, Turkey has been an object of greater interest than before to Europe, and ever since that war her condition appears to have been getting worse and worse. Her currency depreciated, her trade hampered, her authority weak—such are the regular phenomena of that kingdom. And when we consider how her peculiar position affects European prospects, it becomes a wretched and irritating inquiry, What is the best thing to do for her succour and her reformation?

The truth is that the existence of a barbarous tribe as a Power in Europe has been a misfortune from the beginning. Turkey has, in two capacities, been a nuisance to the West—first as a strong Power, and then as a weak one. When she was a terror to Austria and Venice, our ancestors were annoyed by her arms; and since her decay, they have been annoyed by her weakness. She has shown herself incapable of that kind of civilised development which seems naturally to belong to the northern races. Occupying provinces and islands which, under the Greeks and Romans, teemed with wealth and with art, she governs them on savage principles, and produces nothing. Her Sultan, with every opportunity of knowing what the position of a modern sultan ought to be, leads the old sensual life which his ancestors redeemed by courage in battle, but which, in his case, is no better than the life of a beast. And such is the mischief of the position, that England's politics compelled her to support a government like this against the only modern Oriental who showed governing genius, the late Mchmet Ali. The evil of Turkey is not her existence merely, but the round-about policy which it has suggested. Her tyranny over the Greeks was the occasion of our destroying her navy, and strengthening Russia by the creation of a Greek kingdom. And now, after having escaped from a war which was accelerated by one part of our policy, we are compelled to feed our *protégé* (so to speak) with a spoon.

If the question did not involve the relation of the European Powers to each other, it would have been settled long ago. Turkey would have ceased to exist. But the cause of free institutions and the *status* of the western nations in the Mediterranean, require that Russia shall not be allowed to reign at Constantinople. Hence these difficulties. We support Turkey (as

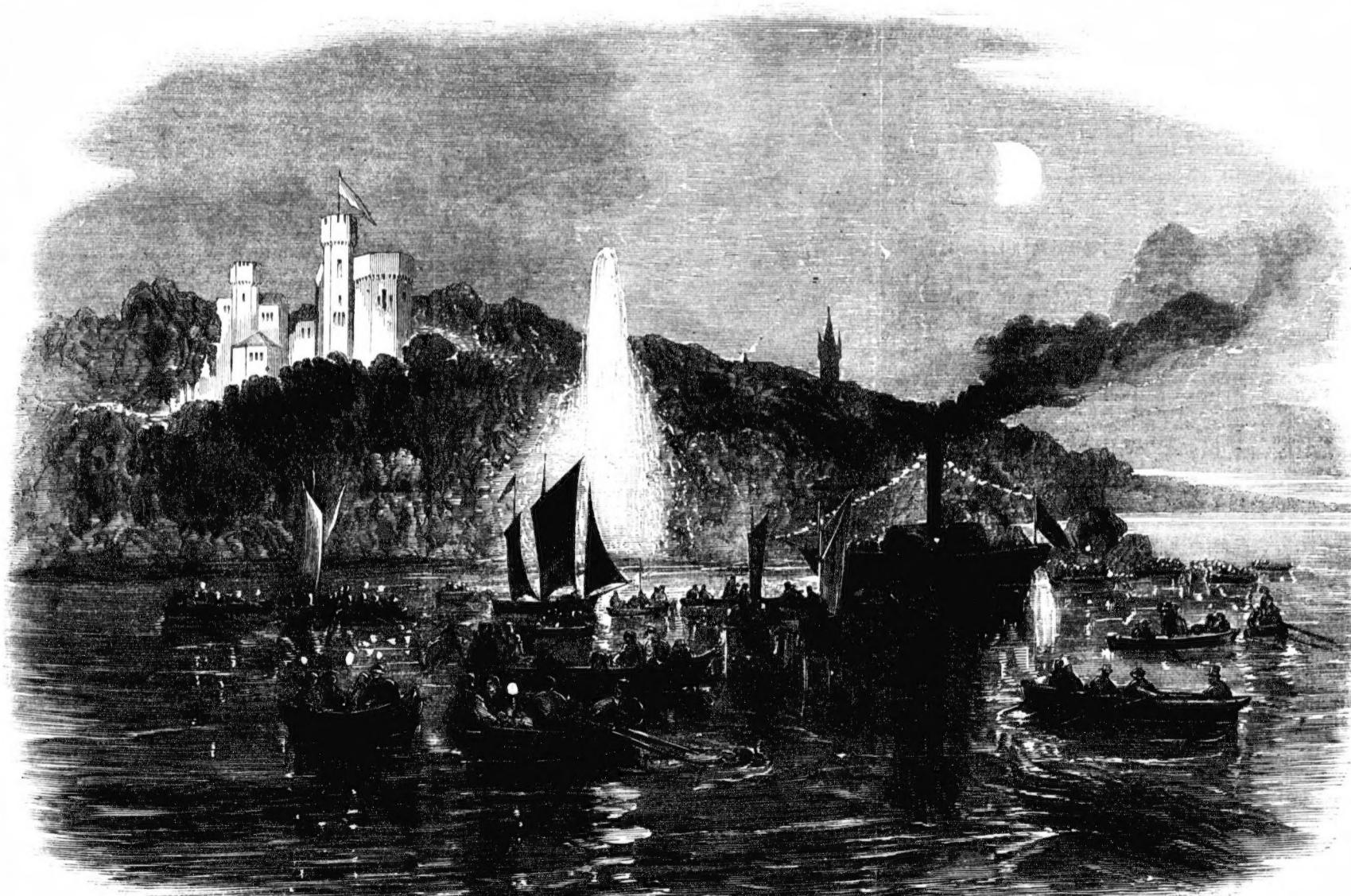
we do certain things at home), not for her own sake, but for fear of worse. The result is perpetual anxiety, and also a far-reaching apprehension beyond. Just let us fancy, for instance, that the friendliness existing between Russia and France ripened into an armed alliance, and that we had to send another army to the Crimea, *minus* a fleet to blockade Cherbourg, convoys for our merchant ships, a fleet to blockade Toulon, and an army (to resist invasion) in the southern counties! These are possibilities not enormously remote, and it is the Eastern question, after all, that is at the bottom of those armaments which check industry and support despotism all over the civilised world.

Well, then, the least that we can expect is, that Turkey shall do her best to meet us in the task of maintaining her national existence. We are glad, therefore, to be assured that in the matter of this new loan of five millions we are to have as security an assignment of revenue administered by a commission. We are further glad to see it urged that the application of the loan to its proper purposes shall be enforced. There is nothing else for it. If an act of bankruptcy should ensue, which, without care, is inevitable, direct control will have to be exercised over the country. There will be nothing else for it; and the knowledge of this should induce the Sultan to spare a little in his seraglio expenses, and redeem the currency of his wretched kingdom forthwith. Till this is done, how is money to be invested in trading with the Porte? Every facility for trade languishes, simply on account of the government being based on barbarism. It is not the fault of the country, and it is a mockery of humanity that provinces, once governed by the highest races of mankind, should rot under ignorance and oppression.

We turn with pleasure to other subjects. We have had this week another specimen of the obstinacy with which the French stick to "protection"—an obstinacy which we presume to be too strong for the Imperial Government, which is thought to hold more liberal notions. The Amiens deputation, finding that cotton velvet can be produced cheaper and better by England than by France, says, Let us tax English cotton velvet. This is just equivalent to saying, Let us put down a natural law. Its effect would only be to make the French consumer pay high for the English commodity, while the consumer who bought the French one, would equally have to pay high for it. The *conditions of production* would be noway changed, because these depend upon causes with which the tax has nothing to do. If

the raw material and the machinery are cheaper in England than in France, it will still be more difficult to make the stuff in France, and for that difficulty the consumer must pay. But, supposing it to be desirable that mankind should have good cotton velvet, it is the interest of the French consumer to get it from England cheap, just as it is his interest (according to Frederic Bastiat's illustration) to get his oranges free from Portugal, rather than tax them heavily to encourage the growth of oranges in France. The principle is this:—that, to get over the difference between the *conditions of production*, the labour of the supposed home production would be heavier, and that thus nothing would be gained. The result, then, of the Amiens policy will be that the French will find it more difficult to get good velvet, and that the labourer will be no better off than before. Meanwhile, the tax itself will go to the Treasury, to decorate Paris, or to keep up soldiers for the suppression of revolts. To this we add, that the continued policy of protection tends more than anything to disturb the good-will which ought to exist between the peoples. There is a certain slang of protection which has this effect, which speaks of the foreign trader as an "invader," of foreign products as "inundations," of the money honestly paid to a stranger for an equivalent as a "tribute." This kind of thing embitters the whole way of thinking about a rival nation, whereas, instead of trying to beat England at something which, in the *nature of things*, England can do better, a wise Frenchman ought to stimulate his national activity in some more congenial direction.

It is impossible—once more to change the topic—to see the Atlantic telegraph in full action, and to hear all that the ardent Yankees are saying about it, without remarking how comparatively indifferent this country is to the triumph. All our festive faculties are lavished on inferior objects—birthdays, and so on—and we have not, seemingly, a cheer or a coloured lamp for an event which is an equal triumph in science and politics. The decay of our old vivacity and relish for spectacle is itself a bad symptom. But, further, we are afraid that mammonism and snobbism blunt the sense of admiration, and that an achievement far more remarkable than the Great Exhibition, is only less hailed because it is not so direct a homage to property—not inaugurated by a Royal Highness. That this indifference argues indifference to America we cannot believe, and should be sorry if the Americans thought so.



BABELSBERG ILLUMINATED IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCE CONSORT'S BIRTHDAY.



The recess is producing its usual crop of domestic subjects, some of which will come before us in good time. Lately, horrible themes—accidents, trials, and crimes—have filled our papers. The great railway disaster in the midland counties is plainly, we think, disgraceful to our railway system. Properly, it ought not to be called an *accident* at all. If a cow gets on a line and is struck, something happens which is plainly out of the reach and beyond the foresight of the driver and guard of the coming train. But ordinary machinery (as in the case before us) can only break either from its bad condition or from an improper use being made of it. We must draw a distinction between such cases, and it remains for the public to insist on criminal punishment for blameable parties, and ample compensation for persons injured. If carefulness cannot be otherwise got, it must be procured by force and by terror. With regard to the Worthing boat accident, the evidence is most perplexing. There seems to have been squall, yet the way in which it caused the capsizing is not explained; nor, after the loss of the man in the stern-sheets, do we expect that explained it will ever be. As a general rule, such accidents are not disgracefully frequent in England, and we know not any new regulation which could be devised to do much good in consequence of that singularly melancholy affair.

THE QUEEN IN GERMANY.

LAST Thursday week being the birthday of the Prince Consort, the members of the Royal Family of Prussia called to pay their visits of congratulation. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg also arrived at Baden-Baden.

In the evening the grounds around the castle were beautifully illuminated. The inhabitants of the city of Potsdam also spontaneously illuminated their city, and the bridge over the Havel was covered with variegated lamps that threw their countless reflections in the placid water. A very fine display of fireworks took place at the same time, and the whole exhibition, which was admirably arranged, produced a most striking effect. The subject chosen for illustration by our artist is the appearance of the *château* and grounds presented as seen from the lake.

A large party of the most distinguished residents in Berlin, together with the suites of her Majesty and the Prince, the members of the royal Prussian households, and the gentlemen belonging to the British legation at Berlin, were invited.

The following day there was a large dinner party at the castle, and on Saturday her Majesty and the Prince Consort left Potsdam on their journey homewards, accompanied part of the way by the Prince and Princess of Prussia and Prince and Princess Frederick-Wilhelm. Her Majesty was received everywhere on the route with the greatest respect, and finally reached Dover in safety on Tuesday morning last. Her landing at the above port was most unexpected, arrangements having been made for her Majesty's disembarkation at Gravesend, it being at first decided that the Royal squadron should proceed direct from Antwerp to the latter port. Accordingly, the Mayor and Corporation had prepared another address, and every one was on the tiptoe of expectation, anxious for a glimpse of the Royal yacht, but all to no purpose. Once on the briny element which she rules, the Queen of England thinks not of civic dignitaries, except, perhaps, as to how their inflictions may be avoided; and so the weather being fine and the sea trip tempting, orders were given to steam for Dover. Her Majesty proceeded thence by special train to Portsmouth, and arrived at Osborne by half-past four in the afternoon of the same day.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE Court has left for Biarritz. There will be no receptions on the road; their Majesties travel *incognito*. Marshal Pelissier's marriage is put off until their return.

The plan for the future internal administration of Algeria is being drawn up. The office of governor of that colony is to be abolished. Prince Napoleon will act through two high functionaries—the Commandant-General of the Forces in Algeria and the Administrator-General of Civil Affairs.

It is reported that, in consequence of the treaty of Tien-sing, the Court of Pekin has decided to send an Embassy Extraordinary to England and France, and that the dignitary selected as Ambassador is Ki-ying, one of the negotiators of the treaty, who is noted for his partiality for Europeans. His suite is to consist of twenty persons.

Baron Gros is to be made a senator, in reward for the diplomatic services he has rendered in China. In commemoration of the treaty he has assisted in concluding, one of the new streets lately opened in Paris is to bear the name of Rue de Tien-Sing. A medal, commemorative of the attack on the forts of the Peiho, is to be struck at the Paris Mint.

It is said that important works are to be executed at La Hogue, a short distance from Cherbourg, a point which Vauban formerly indicated as strategically important.

SPAIN.

THE Queen and Royal family are at Gijon, and are not expected at the Escorial before the 17th of September.

The King, on leaving the theatre at Gijon, lost a decoration of great value, which was fortunately picked up by one of the choristers, who restored it. His Majesty gave the man 1,000 reals.

Letters from Melilla bring word that the Moors had again begun to attack the place, and were firing on it from three cannon which they had placed in a strong position: they had also announced that they were about to receive a mortar from Gibraltar. Their cannon had already done great harm to the town, and it was feared that if they obtained a mortar they would destroy it altogether. The Spanish garrison was making a stout resistance, but, being obliged to act by night as well as by day, suffered dreadfully from fatigue.

The execution of the postal treaty between Spain and England will commence in the month of October.

PRUSSIA.

THE electoral movement is now beginning in all parts of the country, and manifestoes are being issued by the different parties into which public opinion is divided. The Prince of Prussia is desirous that the Government should not exercise any influence over the elections; the democratic party will nevertheless hesitate to take part in them, for, without the vote of three degrees, it will be impossible for it to succeed.

A despatch from Berlin says:—"It appears decided that at the expiration of his present powers, the Prince of Prussia will be appointed Regent. The Prussian Government has addressed a note to the Vienna Cabinet in reference to the occupation of Rastadt."

RUSSIA.

A POWDER-MAGAZINE has exploded at Astrakhan, and half of the town been destroyed; the other half became the prey of the flames.

The environs of St. Petersburg have also been the scene of a disaster—the burning of the forests. This is a great misfortune, for forests, everywhere precious, are particularly so in Russia, from the scarcity of wood.

It was reported that fresh disturbances had occurred in Estonia amongst the peasants, and always from the same cause. In the interior of the empire there are here and there villages where the peasants refuse to labour under pretext of being free, and soldiers are obliged to be sent to restore order.

The Emperor has promulgated a fresh decree of emancipation. He has restored to liberty all the peasants of the Imperial palaces, who number about 200,000.

The question of completely re-establishing the metallic currency in Russia is now definitively arranged.

ITALY.

THE Piedmontese journals announce that the treaty for the marriage of the Hereditary Prince of the Two Sicilies has been broken off. There may be some foundation for this report, as preparations that were ordered to be hastened for the ceremony, are now almost left at a stand-still, and are progressing but slowly enough. Either the Majesty of Naples demands some impossible conditions, or the Court of Bavaria does not like the present and future appearance of things.

There are rumours that the King of Naples has accepted the conditions of England and France. Such rumours have been current any time during the last two years, and consequently they require positive confirmation before being accepted as facts.

The Neapolitan Government intends to lay a submarine telegraphic cable from Durazzo to Vallyona, which will join the existing Austrian and Turkish lines at Cattaro.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

THE Grand Admiral, Mohammed Ali Pacha, the Minister of Commerce, Ali Ghali Pacha, and the three other sons-in-law of the Sultan (members of the Grand Council), have been placed on the retired list.

Mohammed Kibrizli Pacha has been appointed Grand Admiral, and is replaced in the Presidency of the Council of the Tanzimat by Mohammed Ruchdi Pacha.

The new Minister of Commerce has not yet been nominated.

The Porte has appointed a commission to superintend the re-building of the fortifications of Kars and other strategical points.

The Sultan has at length seen the necessity of reforming some of the many abuses that exist, especially those leading to the frightful expenditure that has hitherto been the order of the day. The "Journal of Constantinople" publishes an Imperial ordinance, by which the Minister of War takes charge at the same time of the Ordnance Department, which has been hitherto kept entirely apart, to the great inconvenience of the service. Next comes the suppression of a number of posts at the Porte, which have been likewise created to provide for palace servants and other *protégés* of the Seraglio, or one minister or other. Again, a firman has been addressed to the Grand Vizier, with the view of putting a stop to the thoughtlessness and want of economy on the part of members of the Imperial family. In future, no debts are to be incurred, and none of the Imperial household are to exceed their income.

Accounts have been received that a plot formed by some Mussulmans for the purpose of overthrowing the Government had been discovered at Alexandria. Four Pachas and several superior officers had been arrested; and two of the principal conspirators have been confined in the fortress of Aboukir.

AMERICA.

THE first paragraph of the Queen's message to the President of the United States was received, *via* the Atlantic cable, on the 16th. Its brevity excited some surprise, and gave rise to a variety of unsatisfactory comments. On the following day, however, it was explained that owing to some derangement in the telegraphic instruments only a portion of the message had been got through the cable, and that what had been published as the complete message was but the commencement of it. The message was received entire, and published, with President Buchanan's reply, on the 17th ultimo, and forthwith the pre-arranged demonstrations took place.

We hear that the celebration in New York and elsewhere throughout the country and the British provinces, consequent upon the consummation of the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise, was marked by a spontaneous enthusiasm never before witnessed on that continent. Flags and banners, having on them appropriate inscriptions, hung from every house-front. In the evening the display was exceedingly brilliant. The exhibition of fireworks, the salutes of artillery, and the illuminations, made up a demonstration never before equalled; and the whole terminated with a grand "flare-up" at the City Hall, which caught fire during the pyrotechnic display.

Brigham Young has consented to give way to Dr. Forney, and close his career as superintendent of Indian affairs at Utah. He asks for an allowance of 1,200 dollars, to reimburse him for food and presents to the Indians, in order to conciliate and keep them in check until the peaceful results following the advance of the troops could be explained to them. It is suspected by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that Brigham conciliated the Indians for his own purposes, but finding he could not use them, wants the government to pay the expenses.

The yellow fever was committing sad ravages at New Orleans. A telegram of the 17th, from that city, says: "The number of deaths from yellow fever last week amounted to 285."

Everything presages the speedy downfall of Zuluaga. The constitutionalists are triumphant at every point; Guanajuato, Guadalupe, and Zacatecas have been conquered; and President Zuloaga is preparing to defend the capital, where, before long, the final battle must be fought. Vidaurri is again in the field, and he will not probably leave it until peace has been restored.

INDIA.

TELEGRAPHIC information has been received to the effect that the fugitive rebels from Gwalior, after making a demonstration against Boondoo on the 19th of July, attempted to cross the Bundoo, but failed. On the 13th, they were reported to be menacing both Beechore and Bughore.

The Neemuch force had prepared to move out on the 1st of August for the purpose of co-operating with Holmes's column, which was last heard of at Boondoo. The rebels are in considerable force, their numbers being estimated at 4,000 or 5,000 fighting men, with five guns. Their leaders are Tantia Topee, Yedial, and others.

Sir Hope Grant left Lucknow on the 20th of July to relieve Maun Singh and to capture Fyzabad.

The Rajpootana rebels, after plundering Tonk, had fled towards the Chumbul, pursued by Colonel Homes Roberts.

The amnesty purporting to have been issued by the Governor-General, and published in the Bombay overland papers of the 19th of July, has been officially declared to be an entire fabrication.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A CORRESPONDENT of an American paper furnishes the following ludicrous account of a scene at the Washington Junction, in which the Chief Magistrate of the Great Republic, who was on his way to Washington City, plays the chief part:—"There was a rumour abroad that the President was to arrive, and the visitors had, consequently, grouped about the house when the train came along. We soon perceived the President coming from the cars to the platform, looking hearty but thoroughly travel-worn, smiling and cheerful. By his side, and evidently offering with gentlemanly courtesy the courtesy of attention, was a rather rough-looking individual, whom we took for a conductor or breakerman. This gentleman, upon inquiry, we found to be Sir William Gore Ouseley. On passing into the room the President threw off his coat and his white neckcloth, carelessly pitching them over a chair, on passing them over a chair, he took his sleeves for a wash. Both basins were, however, occupied by two young men, neither of whom seemed to be aware that the President was about. He waited patiently some time, when some one spoke and invited him upstairs. He declined, however, quietly remarking that he would wait for his turn. And as soon as the basins were vacated, he 'took his turn' in a jolly good wash in the public bar-room. This done, he seemed rather perplexed about the arrangement of his neckcloth, and seemed likely to tie his nose and mouth up in it. Somebody just then offered assistance, and the President was briefly equipped. At about this time a person who had come into the room sang out pretty near to him, 'Look here, I thought the old Pres. was to be here to-day.' The speech was cut short by a nudge, while a momentary comic expression passed across the face of that same 'old Pres.' A cigar was handed to him by a friend; he took a good satisfying drin—of not 'old rye,' which he is said to affect, when prime—but ice-water, had barely fired up his cigar, when the bell rang, and 'all aboard' summoned the Chief Magistrate of the United States to his seat in the cars, and away they went to Washington. We took," remarks the writer, "our admiration of this scene of republican simplicity quietly with us into the cars for Baltimore, and mused with some complacency over the sterling honour of being an American citizen."

COUNT DE PERSIGNY ON THE ENGLISH ALLIANCE.

AT the opening meeting on Monday last of the Council-General of the Languedoc, of which Count de Persigny is the President, the ex-Ambassador to France, who is coming from one who is probably his master, the Emperor of the French than any one else, has great popularity.

After some preliminary observations, in which M. de Persigny reminds his audience that from his schoolboy days he had sought the nephew of the great Emperor in exile, and saluted him as the future Emperor of France, at a time when, to all appearances, the Napoleonic traditions were buried in the tomb of the Duke de Reichstadt, he proceeded to point out the great services to France rendered by the Napoleonic dynasty, and defend its peculiar policy with regard to the liberty of the subject. He alluded to the perils which this dynasty had undergone, particularly instances to show how rarely the murderers of princes had succeeded in gaining their political objects. It was his belief that if the present Emperor were to fall by the assassin's point, the loyalty of the people to his family would be rather increased than shaken.

Referring to the English alliance, the Count said that public opinion in this country had been unanimous in stigmatising the crime of Orsini, that he well knew the English people to be entirely ignorant, as well as innocent, of the doctrines and the conspiracies which were hatched by refugees in this country. In illustration of the necessity of preserving peace which is forced upon the two nations by their mutual interests, said:—"Such is this solidarity of interests, that if to-morrow London Paris were burnt, we should each suffer immense commercial losses; and while a catastrophe falling upon Berlin, Vienna, or St. Petersburg, would excite only our sentiments of pity, were it London we should be wounded in our interests almost as seriously as at Paris itself. Now, when the people have arrived at this point, they are evidently destined to draw together more closely every day their present union. Let us first consider our interest to France of the English alliance. With England we are masters of the seas, and consequently have nothing to fear upon our frontiers. A coalition against us is possible; general peace is assured. Our country can give itself up to all the developments of its activity without any preoccupation, and complete the work of establishing its institutions without incurring any risk. Elsewhere, we have no material rivalry with England, since she has opened to our commerce as to her own the access to her immense colonies; it is not her fault if, continuing our system of production at high prices, we do not know how to profit by it. As to England, her interest in the French alliance is, perhaps, even more manifest. She succeeded in 1815 and 1816 in conquering the maritime and colonial supremacy which was the object of her desires, and to which she was in some measure destined, both by her insular position and the genius of her inhabitants. England enjoys this supremacy beyond all dispute to this day; and she says to herself if, if she were again to have a struggle with France—supposing (which God forbid!) that the fate of battles should inflict new disasters upon us—she would gain no other result than the maintenance of what she has already, namely, maritime and colonial supremacy."

The speech produced the profoundest sensation upon the select auditory to whom it was addressed, and was followed by unanimous and prolonged applause.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER ON CHERBOURG.

A LETTER from Admiral Sir Charles Napier on what he saw at Cherbourg has been published. He describes the dockyards, basins, &c., in a hurried manner; and then proceeds to consider

HOW CHERBOURG AFFECTS US.

"Let us now examine in what way Cherbourg will affect our safety. In former wars France collected her Channel fleet in Brest, and off that port we spent many an anxious day and night. Plymouth Breakwater did not then exist, and when hard pressed we only had Torbay to run for, and the moment the wind came to the eastward we were off to our old station. This gave us great experience, made good sailors and smart officers, but it wore out both men and ships, and did not keep the enemy in port, for they sailed when they pleased.

"In another war, if France means mischief abroad, she will keep her fleets in the western ports ready to put to sea; if she means mischief at home, she will collect her forces at Cherbourg, and we will watch her from Alderney, Portland, and St. Helen's, and save wear and tear; so far we shall be better off.

"If she means invasion, she must collect her steamers to carry troops, and these steamers must be covered by a fleet, and before she can land, we must have a regular stand-up fight, and I have no fear for the result. But, sir, what I fear is, in time of profound peace, France, having a large army at command, a large fleet, and a large number of seamen always ready, may suddenly make an attack on this country from Brest, Cherbourg, Boulogne, or any other channel-port she pleases. Remember, this does not now require ships of war (though she is preparing steam transports to carry 15,000 cavalry); she would only have to size steamers—no matter where they belonged—to collect them at Cherbourg, and this is only sixty miles from Portland.

"WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO.

"At last we have a Channel squadron of six sail of the line; but that is not sufficient; we ought to have ten sail of the line, manned by first-rate seamen—there ought not to be a landsman amongst them. Only 100 marines should be embarked in each ship, and their number filled up with able seamen.

"Our marines should be increased 5,000 men (which I see we are about to do), and all our seaport towns garrisoned by them. This I pointed out years ago. We ought always to have ten sail of the line in reserve, and ready, so that in the event of war, or armament, the Channel fleet should turn over one watch to the reserve, fill both up with officers, marines, and boys, call out the coast volunteers for landsmen, and we should have twenty sail of the line better manned than the generality of our ships last war.

"That is not all; we have, or will soon have, 10,000 coast guardsmen. They are for the protection of the revenue, and must not be disturbed unless in case of emergency. They are all told off, and ready to be put on board a ship; but we have no ship to receive them, for I do not call the blockships fit for that purpose. Three of them are tolerable, but the rest are worse than useless.

"As soon as we have efficient ships ready (and I see we have ordered four three-deckers to be cut down and converted into screws—bad ships they will be, but it cannot be helped—the French are doing the same), they ought to be stationed along the coast to receive the coast guardsmen. Thus would be ready to put to sea at any moment thirty sail of the line.

"THE FRENCH SHIPS AT CHERBOURG.

"I cannot say the ships, as a whole, struck me as being very inferior to our own. I thought they were very fine ships, and looked very much like men of war. Five of them were built for screws, and four were sailing ships transformed into screws. There was no manœuvring, and we were not on board of any but the flag-ship, and therefore could not judge either of their discipline or crews. I went with Mr. Lindsay on board the Bretagne, and I agree with him she is a magnificent ship. There was no preparation for us; quite the contrary, the men were at their bunks, dressing to receive the Queen, but everything seemed in the highest order, and the ship was beautifully fitted. Indeed, all French ships are; they are all alike, and everything in its place. Whether the men were sailors or not I cannot say, but they appeared to me to be strong, healthy men. Mr. Lindsay compares the Royal Albert with the Bretagne, and he says, if both were manned with Frenchmen, the Royal Albert would sink the Bretagne; but he don't tell us why. The Bretagne is a much larger ship, and mounts more guns, and has more men, therefore it ought to be quite the other way. Were the Royal Albert to meet the Bretagne in a seaway, both ships full of coals, the Royal Albert would have the advantage, as she carries her lower deck ports nearly a foot higher than the Bretagne. This is a great point. Mr. Lindsay gives the dimensions of the basins, dockyards, &c., all much larger than ours; and he observes that the French may whirl down 100,000 men to Cherbourg, but unless they command the Channel, and have a different class of ships, they cannot come to England. As far as commanding the Channel goes, Mr. Lindsay is quite right; but as to his opinion of their ships, he is quite wrong. The French build, and indeed always did build, as fine ships as ours; and some of the best ships we had last war were taken from the French, or copied from them. And Mr. Lindsay never saw a finer two-decked ship than the one launched the other day at Cherbourg."

REFORM IN FRANCE!—M. de Morny, President of the Council-General of Clermont, in his opening address, the other day, to his provincial Parliament, made the following cheerful announcement:—"Thanks to the legislative apparatus bequeathed to us by the past, we cannot in France remove a stone, dig a well, work a mine, raise a factory, form a company, and, so to say, either use or abuse our property, without the permission or the control of the central power. Great interests thus often find themselves delayed or sacrificed in the lower stages of the administrative ladder. I believe that several reforms will be introduced into this situation of things, thanks to the initiative and potent will of the Emperor, who has long been studying all the elements of the question. Whenever the department, the commune, or the locality are enabled to administer their own affairs, business will be promptly expedited, and a good deal of discontent, now existing even towards the central power, will be extinguished."

LORD PALMERSTON IN PARIS.

Lord PALMERSTON on his return from visiting his estates at Sligo in Ireland, started almost immediately for Paris, and had the honour of an interview last Wednesday week with the Emperor at St. Cloud. On the following day his Lordship and Viscountess Palmerston were again received by their Imperial Majesties. The Emperor, accompanied by Viscount Palmerston, and some other distinguished guests, proceeded early in the afternoon to the preserves, and passed some hours in shooting. A banquet took place in the evening, at which the ex-Premier and Lady Palmerston were present.

Lord Palmerston has gone to stay with Lord Cowley at his country seat near Compiegne. There is no truth in the report of his intended visit to Count de Persigny's chateau. The most extraordinary fables about Lord Palmerston are ventilated by the Belgian press. The "Times" says:

"Lord Palmerston lives in Paris in a very retired manner; his visit is surrounded with deep mystery; he does not live in the hotels which he formerly frequented; and it is said that he is installed in a villa not far distant from the Palace of St. Cloud."

The fact is that Lord Palmerston has stayed all the time he has been in Paris at the Hotel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme, and there has been no mystery whatever about his movements.

THE MORMONS.

We gather the following interesting information respecting the Mormons of Great Salt Lake City, from a letter penned by a correspondent of the "Times" newspaper:

THE TERMS AGREED UPON BETWEEN THE SAINTS AND THE GOVERNMENT.—The Peace Commissioners, Mrs. Powell and McCulloch, upon obtaining an interview with Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and General Wells, constituting the "First Presidency" of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, and before them the President's proclamation of pardon, and inquired whether the people were ready to receive the Federal authorities, and to obey the constitution and the laws of the Union. The Mormon leaders endeavoured to make conditions; desired to know whether the army would not be kept out of the valley if they received the Federal officers, &c. To all these inquiries the Commissioners answered, that they had no authority whatever to make any conditions; that the army were under orders to come in and would do so; and that the President would always insist upon his right to send the army here, in such numbers, at such time, and to stay as long as he saw fit. Eventually, it was agreed that the Federal officers should be received, and Brigham Young accepted the tendered pardon, although he indignantly denied having been guilty of any of the crimes charged in the proclamation, except that of having burned the Government mail last autumn, and running off the cattle belonging to them. The governor accordingly assumed the duties of his office, issued his proclamation announcing the settlement of the troubles, and directed all the other officers of the Government to proceed to their posts.

SALT LAKE CITY DESERTED.

When we arrived at Salt Lake we found the city almost deserted. Under orders from Brigham, the entire population vacated their homes, and marched to the southern settlements, whether they desired to do so or not. There was not a single woman left in the town, except the wife of Governor Cannoning. All the rest had been compelled to leave, the leaders having declared their fixed purpose not to let one of them remain here to witness the entrance of the army, and be "corrupted and demoralised" by its officers. The houses were all closed, the windows-sashes removed, and windows and doors closed up with rough boards. Scarce a human being could be seen upon the streets, for in the entire city there were only two or three hundred men left to guard the property and apply the torch if orders should come to do so. A single restaurant—one in which Brigham is well known to be personally interested—had been fitted up and opened for the reception of the Peace Commissioners and other Gentiles; but even these were compelled to sleep in their ambulances for a fortnight, when one or two rooms were obtained, but without furniture, with the exception of a table and a chair or two.

PRESENT WRETCHED CONDITION OF THE INHABITANTS.

The mass of the people of Great Salt Lake city have been tarrying at Provo, a town about fifty miles south of this point. Thither I went, about ten days ago, and found the people generally steeped in poverty and distress, the chief exceptions being the priests and higher dignitaries in the theocracy. Those who had abandoned their homes in this valley were distributed in tents, stables, wood-sheds, wagons, bower houses, lodges of willow or straw, holes dug in the ground on side hills, and shanties, living in the greatest discomfort, and rendered the more miserable by some unusually heavy showers of rain, which had thoroughly drenched them, their clothing and household goods, exposed as they were without adequate shelter. The women were all meanly clad—many of them having scarcely sufficient to cover their nakedness. This arises not merely from poverty, but from the fact that in consequence of the merchants having been driven away from the valley, there have been no fabrics here to be purchased fit for female apparel. An officer of the army, while passing along a by-road a day or two since, came suddenly upon a party of a dozen or more women, young and old. These were almost destitute of upper clothing, and had blankets wrapped about their forms like Indian squaws, to cover their nakedness. At sight of the stranger they fled from the road like frightened deer, conscious of their destitute condition and unfitness for the gaze of strangers.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Brigham Young is a well-presenced man of fifty-seven years of age, of medium height, of figure rather inclined to corpulence, with sandy complexion, and a vulgar sensual mouth. He dresses plainly but well, is rather austere in manner, and evidently fully conscious of the necessity of maintaining a sort of royal dignity, becoming a prophet. I should judge him to be shrewd in worldly affairs, a good business manager, a judge of human nature, and capable of adapting it to his will. The cast of his mind, however, is evidently low and vulgar. While shrewd and cunning, quiet and ready in the application of what powers of mind he possesses, the prophet is by no means a wise man nor profound; and in discussion with an ordinarily skilful opponent he fails utterly. Nevertheless, his power over the people is immense. His nod is law, and the ignorant masses of his followers look upon him as almost a God. I had the pleasure of hearing him deliver a sermon on the Sabbath, in the course of which he quite satisfied me that I was not mistaken in my estimate of his mental calibre. His discourse was rambling and vulgar, although his manner was popular and forcible. He never rose to the dignity of an argument, but all his positions depended for success upon the blind acceptance of his own dicta. He referred to the army of the United States as ruffians, and then made a lame effort to cover up the blunder he had sense enough to perceive that he had perpetrated. He spoke of the President of the United States as "an old dotard, whose friends allow that he ought to have been elected twenty-five years ago, when he had a little sense about him, if ever," and in urging the "sisters" not to hurry their husbands back to their homes, told them, if it made their heads ache to live in tents, "to go out and get a chip to put on their heads."

HEBER KIMBALL.

But Brigham is a model of elegance and refinement compared with Heber C. Kimball, the next in the priesthood. He is only a few days older than Brigham, is tall, full formed, with short sandy hair and whiskers, florid complexion, and small, cunning, snake-like black eyes. No one knows with certainty how many wives Brigham has, but Heber pleads guilty to about 40, by whom he has only about 58 living children, having lost half-a-dozen. His reputation as a husband and father is bad, and many are the secretly whispered tales of his jealous cruelty to his wives, some of whom are younger than his first-born child. He is certainly the most vulgar and blasphemous wretch it has been my misfortune to meet.

THE POPULATION OF UTAH—ITS RESOURCES.

The population of these valleys has been greatly over-estimated. I have seen an acknowledged three-fourths of the entire population, and 30,000 or 35,000 is the very highest figure which can be honestly given to this people, even estimating them upon the most liberal basis. Of these I do not believe even 5,000 men capable of making passable soldiers could be found; and the utter inability, therefore, of their resisting the United States Government must be apparent. As a class they are very poor. All we have been wont to hear of the fertility of this valley has been grossly exaggerated. There is scarce an acre in the whole territory of Utah that can be cultivated without irrigation. Where this expensive process can be made available, the crops are fine, unless the grasshoppers or crickets cut them off, as they have on several occasions. But the simplest living is difficult to be made here by a poor man, unless he has high position in the Church,—in which event, by some means or other, he seems to prosper and get rich without much labour. The tithings prescribed by the church, and the taxes imposed for territorial and municipal purposes, swallow up just about one-fifth of the poor man's substance, either in labour upon the temple, or in produce of his little farm and increase of his stock.

MORMON INDUSTRY.

The Mormons are certainly very industrious, and have accomplished an amount of work, in the shape of public improvements, almost incredible. The whole country occupied by them is intersected by ditches in every direction to carry the water from the mountains through the fields. In Great Salt Lake City alone they have erected dwellings for per-

haps 12,000 persons. These dwellings are all constructed of well-preserved and sun-dried brick. Though exceedingly simple in form, and poorly finished, they have involved an immense amount of labour. The dwellings of Young, Kimball, and many others are superior, and their grounds are enclosed by walls of cobble stone laid in cement, ten or twelve feet high, from three to five feet thick at the base, and twelve to eighteen inches at the top. The Temple Block—a square of ten acres—is surrounded by a similar wall, constructed in panels, and handsomely plastered with a hard mastic, of which sharp gravel is a chief ingredient. Within these walls stand the Tabernacle, capable of seating nearly 3,000 persons, the Endowment-house (in which the Masonic mysteries of Mormonism are enacted), and very extensive workshops occupied by operatives in the construction of the Temple. The foundations of the latter building are of the most massive and substantial description. They have only been carried up to the earth's surface, yet have cost over a million of dollars paid out of the tithing-fund. It has evidently been the policy of their crafty leader to keep the people always at work, foreseeing that this was the best method to keep them from thinking, and thus discrediting the gigantic imposture of which they are the victims.

HONESTY OF THE MASS.—VILLAINY OF THE SELECT.

The mass of the people are honest and conscientious, paying their debts promptly, observing family worship morning and evening, living quietly and peacefully with each other (with the exception of the jealous differences in the double-wived households), and in all other respects, under ordinary circumstances, leading the lives of good citizens and neighbours. To outward appearance the best order prevails; but it is evident that it is the good order of despotism—a priestly despotism, more thorough and unquestioned than the despotism of Russia, because it controls men through their religious prejudices and superstitious fears. There are some constitutionally bad men among them, who doubtless are the vilest hypocrites, and who have availed themselves of the cloak of religion merely that they may have the better opportunity to gratify their evil propensities of every sort. These do the secret work of robbery and assassination, of which we have indubitable evidence that much has been done in the interest of, or to revenge, "the church" by order of the leaders. The doctrine is privately inculcated (so I am assured by men and women who have left the church in disgust) that to despise a Gentile of property and life in revenge for the death of Joseph Smith is a virtue; also that it is kind and Christianlike to take the lives of those who have sinned deeply against the church, or who are likely to do so by apostasy and the revelation of the dread secrets of their mystic orders. This is called "saving" a brother or sister—that is to say, it is held that to "spill their blood upon the ground" is an atonement for their sins and saves them from perdition.

APOSTASY RITE.

The spirit of apostasy has long been rife among the people; but the fear of the "destroying angels" has compelled many to feign acquiescence in the church when secretly watching for an avenue of escape. Even now this is to some extent with an army within 30 miles of this city. I know of several families here to-day supposed to be full of the faith, who are secretly apostates, and only awaiting opportunity to sell their property before they abandon the country and start for the States. Some 300 families have already started towards Missouri this season, since the approach of the troops, and there are hundreds of others just in this neighbourhood who intend to avail themselves of the protection of the army to leave soon, when they have gathered their little crops and so obtained means to go with. If military posts should be established near all the large Mormon settlements, there can be little doubt that the community of Latter-Day Saints will be rapidly reduced in numbers.

THE SAINTS AND THE GENTILES—THE FUTURE.

That the "Saints" and large numbers of the "Gentiles" can live in near proximity, is impossible. With the army twenty-two miles away from this city—as it has been until a few days ago—there were, nevertheless, frequent petty collisions, tending to produce extensive irritation. Gentiles are pouring into the cities, also, intending to trade, or for other purposes. These will resist ecclesiastical authority, and claim the protection of the army in so doing. Brigham has been too long the despot of this region to submit quietly to their defiance of his power. He is unused even to contradiction, and cannot bear it with equanimity. His "boys," as he calls his satellites, will have a "difficulty" some day with attachés of the army, and the rebellion against civil authority will suddenly become more serious than ever. It is idle to suppose that this deceptive peace can last. It is threatened with disruption every hour.

IRELAND.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.—Cardinal Wiseman has been making a progress through the West of Ireland. On landing at Kingstown, a deputation met him at the pier. At the terminus were the "Lord Archbishop of Dublin" and the Honourable and Reverend Monseigneur Talbot. Afterwards there was a gathering of dignitaries at breakfast, a progress through the Roman Catholic institutions of Dublin, and a grand dinner in the evening at the Imperial Hotel. The next day, the Cardinal departed for Ballinasloe. In his progress westward, he was received with great pomp and ceremony. Priests on their knees received his blessing at railway stations. At the opening of a new chapel at Ballinasloe, there were present, one archbishop, John of Tuam, and eight bishops, wearing the rich robes of office, and many friars and priests.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT PORTADOWN.—Last Friday week, two ladies, Maria Hunter, of Newry, and Mary Jane Morrison, of Derrydale, met with their death on board the Shamrock screw steamer, while on a pleasure trip from here to Lough Neagh. The unfortunate ladies' dresses having become entangled in the machinery, they were completely torn to pieces before assistance could be rendered.

THE GALWAY PACKET STATION.—Mr. Lever's scheme is already assuming gigantic proportions. It is said that there are to be on the line between Galway and New York ten first-class ocean steamers, of the highest speed and greatest capacity that can be procured, and at least eight others, to be used as coasters and feeders to the main line, from the ports of Antwerp, Havre, Southampton, Plymouth, London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow, touching likewise at different points upon the Irish coast which may be considered most expedient for the collection of goods and passengers. The Pacific, on her last voyage, had to leave behind her a large quantity of freight, more having been sent for shipment in her than she could carry. Her passengers amounted, in round numbers, to 190, of whom eighty were from Belfast alone, and her cargo was chiefly composed of linens and muslins from Belfast, cotton fabrics from Manchester, and tweeds and shawls from Glasgow and Manchester. She also had on board a large quantity of hard goods, &c.

SCOTLAND.

DISTRESSING MURDER.—The usually quiet village of Bridge of Earn has been the scene of a dreadful tragedy, which has caused the utmost excitement amongst the inhabitants. The circumstances are these: A young man, a sailor, of the name of Alexander Murray, aged twenty-three years, came as usual, when not employed at sea, to live with his grandmother, Mrs. Campbell, the widow of the late postmaster of the place. Having expressed a wish to go out, it was mildly objected to on the part of his aged relative, when he instantly, and without the slightest warning, snatched up a breakfast-knife and plunged it into her neck, severing the jugular vein, and causing almost instantaneous death. Mrs. Campbell had just sufficient strength before she fell to make her way into the lobby, where she was found by her daughter. On attempting to lift her unfortunate mother, she was set upon by the young man, who, it is supposed, had he not dropped the fatal weapon in the room, would also have taken away her life. Assistance arriving, he quietly left the house and walked along the front street of the village, without shoes, coat, or hat, towards the bridge, crossing the Earn, with the intention, as stated by him, of casting himself into the river. He was without difficulty lodged in the police-station till the arrival of the authorities from Perth, by whom he was conveyed to the Perth jail.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT IN SHETLAND.—A melancholy occurrence, resulting in the instantaneous death of one man, and the serious injury of another, happened at Chalderness, in the parish of Tingwall, Shetland, some days since. A quarryman, residing at Lerwick, had left his home in the morning to blow up, by means of a charge of powder, some stones at a place where a new croft is in course of formation. In the afternoon the train of one of the blasts having only burnt half-way, another attempt to make it explode proved equally unsuccessful, when it was resolved not to blow it again. The hole had been bored pretty nearly to the powder, when a spark produced by the iron employed in boring reached it, and instantly drove the iron right into the forehead of the unfortunate quarryman, killing him on the spot. Another man standing close by was struck by the stones blown up by the explosion, and was much injured.

THE PROVINCES.

AN ESCAPE FROM DROWNING AT CHATHAM.—Last week, while the Royal Engineers were erecting a span bridge near the creek, Chatham, their attention was called to the cries of a female for help. Several of the men ran to the banks of the creek, and saw a woman drowning. Private J. Castle plunged into the river, and succeeded in grasping hold of her. She, however, clung so tight to him that it was with difficulty he could keep himself above water. Colour-sergeant Barrow swam to their assistance, and, by means of a rope, saved both their lives. The woman said she accidentally fell into the water.

A FEVER VILLAGE IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.—Fever has been prevailing in the village of Great Horwood, near Buckingham, to such an extent lately as to necessitate an inquiry into the cause. The number of cases which occurred up to July 9, were 125. The deaths have been eighteen. The population was estimated in 1841 at 704; therefore out of FIFTY-SIX PERSONS ONE HAS DIED. Dr. Henry Alford, Regius Professor of Medicine in the Oxford University, in an elaborate and carefully-written report on the cause of this mortality, says:—"The modes of origin of fever are—destitution, bodily and mental depression, contagion, overcrowded dwellings, putrescent animal and vegetable matter, and an insufficient supply of fresh air—or, as it is called, bad ventilation—and we must attribute in various degrees the persistence of the affection to the last four, and especially to bad ventilation. The evil is most grievous in the sleeping-rooms. 'We can do no more,' said one admirable woman, 'than keep clean what we have. We cannot get our landlord to give us more air, or make the windows we have to open.' Women," he said, "are best shut up." Some of the small cottages at Wigwell are models of personal cleanliness and of neatness on the part of the inmates. The fault is not in them, but in their tenements. So offensive do the bed-rooms of some become where the windows are near the floor, that one said to me, 'I often wake in the night stifled, and me and my husband go and sit at the window.'"

A SOLDIER FLOGGED AT COLCHESTER.—Last week a soldier of the 6th regiment, who has been twenty-two years in the army, and had four good conduct stripes, received fifty lashes at the camp at Colchester for absconder conduct at Langdon Fort, where he had been sent for rifle practice. After undergoing 112 days' imprisonment, he will be discharged from the service.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT ON A WELSH TRAMROAD.—An accident occurred last week, under singular circumstances, upon the tramroad of the Tredegar Iron Company, Monmouthshire. An engine, tender, and three trucks were passing down the line, under the care of Matthew Jones, a man named Abraham Richards being on the tender, together with a woman, Mary Lloyd; when near Argoed the tire of one of the wheels belonging to the tender came off, and the whole train ran over the embankment, and rolled to the bottom. The engine driver had barely time to jump off, but the woman and Richards were precipitated with the trucks. Richards was severely crushed and torn, and died shortly after. Mary Lloyd was picked up from beneath one of the trucks, dreadfully mangled, the adjacent ground being saturated with her blood; she was quite dead. Several fatal accidents have previously occurred upon this line.

SINGULAR HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—On Sunday week, the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, a Roman Catholic priest, of Old Hall Green, was proceeding from Hertford to Hoddesdon in a chaise, when a man, starting forward, presented a pistol at his Reverence, hinting that he was short of cash. Not content with the money his victim gave him, he threatened if he did not get out of the chaise he would shoot him. The Reverend Gentleman, being much alarmed, hastily vacated his seat, which was immediately filled by the highwayman, who drove rapidly to Broxbourne railway-station, where he gave a man £5 to drive the horse and chaise to the nearest public-house. All traces of the robber have since been lost.

INCENDIARY FIRE NEAR BASINGSTOKE.—A fire broke out on the farm of Mr. Francis Bigwood, of Stevenon, Hampshire, about five miles from the town of Basingstoke. In the short space of little more than an hour the property destroyed consisted of eleven ricks of wheat, the produce of about 200 acres; five spacious barns, containing wheat, barley, oats, and other corn; the stables, cart-sheds, piggeries, several pigs, a quantity of poultry, &c. A carter boy in the employ of Mr. Bigwood has admitted to the police officers that when the other men were gone to dinner, he struck a lucifer match, and set fire to the barn. The prisoner has been committed for trial at the next assizes.

FATAL BOAT ACCIDENT AT WORTHING.

On Friday week an inquest was held at Worthing on the bodies of no less than twelve persons, who lost their lives by the sinking of the Mary Eliza pleasure-boat, near this coast, on the afternoon of the previous day. The following are the names of the deceased:—Ada Torr, aged three years; Florence Torr, eight months; Clementina Jackson, four years; Elizabeth Torr, seven years; Clara Ann Smith, one year; George Smith, three years; William Thomas Smith, five years; Martha Smith, nine years; Ann Henns, twenty-seven years; Harriet Humphrey (adult); Edwin Blann (master of the boat); Ellen Blann (his wife). Another of Mr. Smith's boys was lost, but his body is not yet found.

The jury having viewed the bodies, which lay at the Royal Baths, the subjoined evidence was taken:

Ellen Redding—I am a servant in the employ of Mr. William Smith, No. 1, Camden Place, Greenwich. I came to Worthing a fortnight ago with Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their family, which consisted of six children at that time. Mr. Smith is a builder, I believe. This unfortunate affair occurred yesterday. I did not know where Mr. and Mrs. Smith were at the time. They had left home in the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Torr lived in the same house. I do not know where they went to. They were out for the day. Mrs. Smith went out by herself. The name of the place where they lived was Augusta House, Worthing. Mr. Torr was Mrs. Smith's brother. Mr. Smith, I believe, was in London or Greenwich. Mr. and Mrs. Torr had four children of their own, and a visitor named Clementina Jackson. All these children were living at Augusta House. I went out with the children about two o'clock in the afternoon. Myself, Matilda Lucy (a nurse), Emma Sharp (a nurse to Mr. Torr), and Mr. Torr's head nurse, went with the children. Ann Henns went with us, but she was not saved. Ten children went with us, six of Mrs. Smith's, and four of Mr. Torr's, and Miss Jackson was with them. The coachman's wife went with us, and one child. The child was saved. We all went into a boat. A man named Blann was the boatman. His wife went with him. One other boatman was with us. I do not know his name. There were twenty-one in the boat. I took the children also by permission. She knew when she was going out that we were going on the sea. The boatman was sober. I cannot remember how long we were out before anything happened. We went out for two hours. We had been out some time. The boat turned over. We were all thrown into the water. I was saved by clinging to the sailor, and was picked up by another boat.

By the Coroner—Edwin Blann was drowned; Ellen Blann, his wife, was drowned; Harriet Humphrey, Ann Henns (the head nurse), Martha Sarah Smith, William Thomas Smith, George Smith, Clara Ann Smith, Elizabeth Torr, Ada Torr, Florence Torr, and Clementina Jackson were all drowned. Another one was drowned, but has not been found. The remainder out of the twenty-one were saved. I have seen the bodies of some of them—all but Martha Smith—and I recognise them all as the same persons who went out in the boat.

By the Jury—The wind had not been blowing very hard before this took place. We had our dinners before we started. We first went in a small boat to get into the large boat.

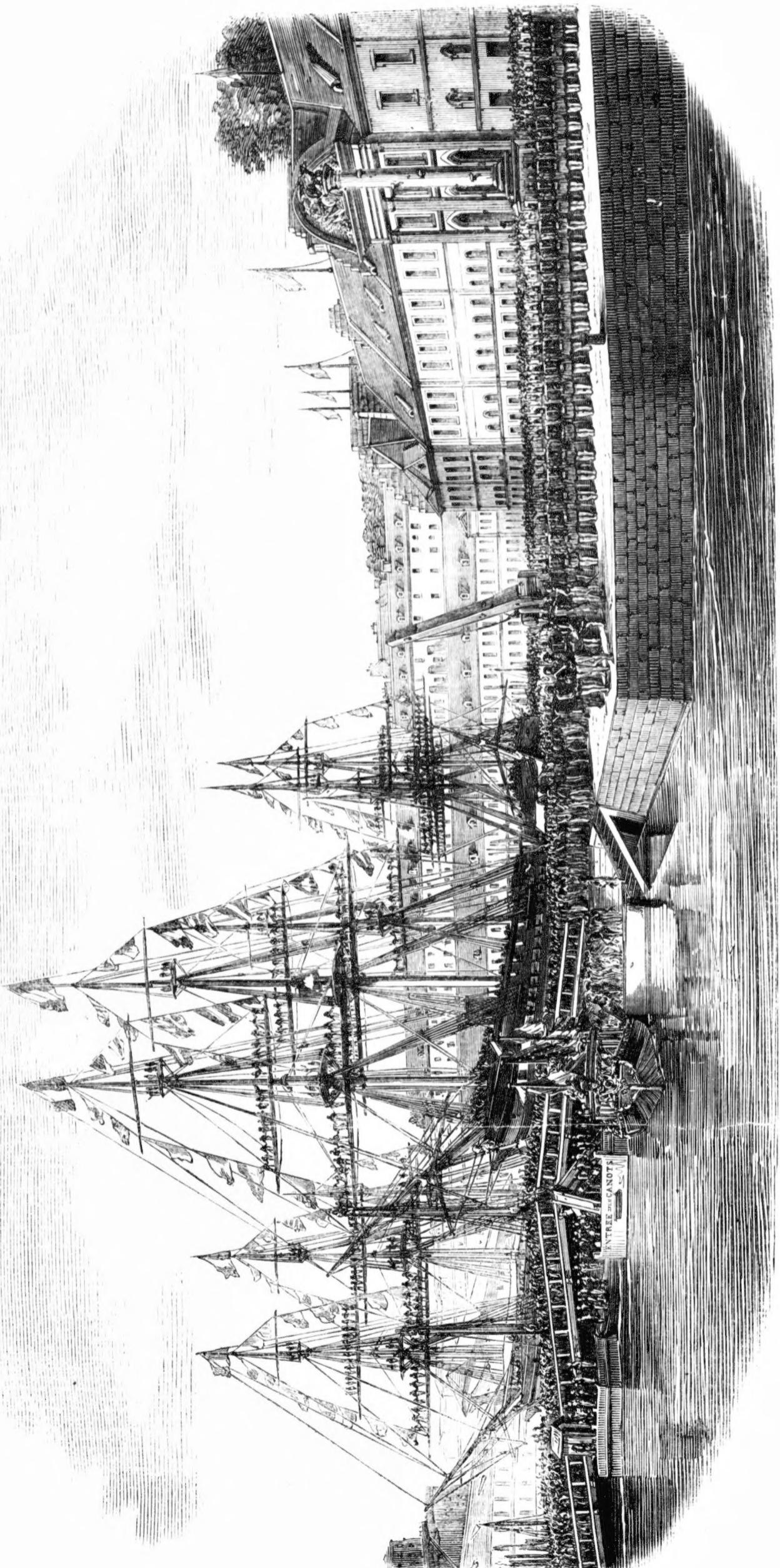
Jacob Tester—I am a boatman. Yesterday I went out with the boat named the Mary Eliza. She belonged to Mr. Thomas George Wood. He lives at Worthing. Another boatman went with me. His name was Edwin Blann. He and I generally went with the boat. We took out nineteen persons in the boat besides ourselves. We left the beach at twenty minutes after two. The weather was very fine at that time. I do not know the tonnage of the boat, but it was about two tons and a-half or three tons. She would carry seven or eight tons. I should consider her safe with that number of persons. I have gone out with twenty-eight persons in her, all full-grown people. I was in the fore part of the vessel, tending the fore-sheets. Edwin Blann, who is dead, was steering her. The boat was twenty-two feet long, by eight feet beam. When we started we went to the eastward. We were out some time before anything took place. I should think we had gone three-quarters of a mile from the shore. Everybody appeared very cheerful, and not any of us apprehended the slightest harm. The weather was very favourable, and the wind was by no means fresh. I was, as I before said, in the fore part of the boat, and some songs were being sung. Mrs. Blann sang a song, and her husband began another, but he had scarcely finished the first verse, when, all of a sudden, I can't say how, I found the boat go down. We were thrown into the water, and I found myself clinging to the topmast. My feet rested on the cap of the topmast, and while there several persons, children and adults, caught hold of me. I became nearly exhausted, and some of the persons were washed away from me. Several, however, still retained their hold on to different parts of my dress. We saw another boat reaching for the shore, and I hailed it. It was the Fairy lugger. The master of the Fairy called out to us to keep our spirits up, as he would assist us as soon as possible. In a few minutes she came alongside, and we were, eight in number, brought ashore.

The evidence of several others was then taken, and also that of the medical gentlemen who received the bodies as they were brought ashore and applied restoratives.

The following verdict was returned:—

"We, the jury, are of opinion that the several deceased persons met with their deaths by drowning, arising from the oversetting of the Mary Eliza, a pleasure-boat; that at the time of such oversetting of such boat, considering the number of passengers on board, the boat was not competently manned, nor were the sails so fastened as to guard against such an oversetting. The jury cannot separate without strongly recommending that the local authorities should take the necessary steps to insure the proper regulation and management of pleasure-boats within the district of Worthing."

Since the inquest, the body of another child, the eldest son of Mr. Torr, has been recovered.



DISEMBARCKATION OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT THE FOUNDRY, BREST DOCKYARD.

THE IMPERIAL VISIT TO BREST. Having in a former impression given but a cursory notice of the French Emperor's voyage to Brest, we now proceed to give a more detailed one, and also an illustration of one of the events attending it. The Emperor in landing made use of the barge in which Napoleon I. visited the mouths of the Scheldt and the defences of Antwerp in 1811. Their Majesties were received at the landing-place by Marshall Bugeaud, Vice-Admiral La Place, the Maritime Prefect, the Prefect of the Finistère, the general commanding the department, the officers of the marines and of the garrison, and all the principal civil and military authorities. The Emperor on setting foot on shore was presented by the Mayor with the keys of the town, who at the same time delivered an address congratulating their Majesties on their safe arrival. The speech was followed by loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Viva l'Impératrice!" "Vive le Prince Imperial!" The Emperor replied that he had long felt a desire to visit the port of Brest, that he was much gratified with the reception given him, and that he hoped

deserving person, and the widow of a soldier killed in the Crimea, had given her a pension. Upon this being made known to the poor creature, she acted as above described. This little event had a great effect upon the crowd, and the shouting was tremendous. During the visit of their Majesties, the vessels presented a most beautiful appearance; all was trim and neat, and the men lined the yards-arms, looking well in their tasty and clean uniforms. The visit over, the party returned to the Prefecture, where the Emperor received and dined with the authorities of the city. This was the occasion for the farewell ceremonies.

The next day, at eight o'clock, their Imperial Majesties left for Quimper, escorted by a thousand horsemen, composed of country people in their characteristic costumes, making a most novel and picturesque procession. During the whole of the *fatigues*, the weather was beautiful in the extreme, causing the superstitious denizens of this province to think that Providence smiled on the first sovereign who has visited this portion of the country.



STATUE OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROTHERTON, IN PEEL PARK,
SALFORD.—(M. NOBLE, SCULPTOR.)

STATUE OF JOSEPH BROTHERTON, M.P.
THE statue of the late Joseph Brotherton, M.P. for Salford, inaugurated on the 5th of last month in the Peel Park, was the result of a public subscription on the part of the people of Salford for the purpose of raising a testimonial in honour of their late member. The statue was modelled by Mr. Matthew Noble, and cast in bronze by Messrs. Robinson and Cottam, of the Pimlico works. It is nine feet five inches high, and the likeness is said to be very successful. The ceremony of inauguration attracted a large assemblage of persons, comprising most of the leading gentlemen of Salford and Manchester, with a fair sprinkling of members of Parliament. A meeting was first of all held in the reading-room of the library at Peel Park, when the proceedings were opened by the Mayor; but the main address was that delivered by the Bishop of Manchester, who discoursed as follows upon Mr. Brotherton's career—“Born,” he said, “not among the operative class, yet, at the same time, labouring for a considerable portion of his life with them, he learnt to estimate their situation, to sympathise with their feelings, to note their privations, and he appeared to have devoted himself, as an ardent and zealous practical missionary, in their cause. Retiring at a period when most persons are eager in the pursuit of reputation or of gain, and on a moderate competency, which was wealth to him, for his wants were few, he devoted himself with unceasing energy to his duties as a citizen. But though calm and quiet as regarded himself, he was not wanting in a high spirit as regarded the wrongs of others. When the Government of the country, exceeding the due bounds of moderation, were attempting to put down by unjustifiable violence the expression of the popular will, Joseph Brotherton, then a simple inhabitant of Salford, was one of the most earnest and most forward to join in the protest. The local charter and charities of Salford, and innumerable public services there, attested his devotion to the cause of his constituency. Reviewing his career, it was perfectly astonishing to see with what assiduous zeal and energy, yet at the same time how modestly, he took part in every measure that was brought forward for the benefit of others during the last forty years, which no person who dispassionately considered the history of England would hesitate to acknowledge had been pre-eminently remarkable for social alterations. In the department of private legislation, Mr. Brotherton was unrivalled, and in the latter years of his life his word was considered conclusive almost on the subject of a private bill. With respect to his religious convictions, Mr. Brotherton possessed the most extensive toleration, yet was not indifferent himself to what he professed. To quote his own declaration, he had always been educated in religious precepts and taught to believe in God, in His revealed Word, and he believed that the Redeemer came to rescue man from darkness and error, to implant truth and goodness in his mind, and to make him wise and good. It was on that principle that Mr. Brotherton acted through all his life. If he advocated the extension of the franchise, he was still more zealously an advocate of the education of the people, to enable them worthily to discharge the high duties of a constituent. Wishing to retrench the hours of labour, he endeavoured to do so in spite of those nearest connected with him; but, besides education, he was no less zealous to provide parks, museums, and recreation for the people, to render profitable the hours gained from labour. This was the man whose memory they were assembled to honour and perpetuate. It was a proud period in the history of a country when those who had cultivated the civil arts were accorded the full reward that was due to them. The people of Salford had done well to erect this statue as a testimony of their determination to reward those who endeavoured to make men better in civil pursuits, to improve their homes, as well as carry on the public business of the country.”

The corporate authorities and other persons present, at the conclusion of the Bishop's address formed in order of procession, and ad-



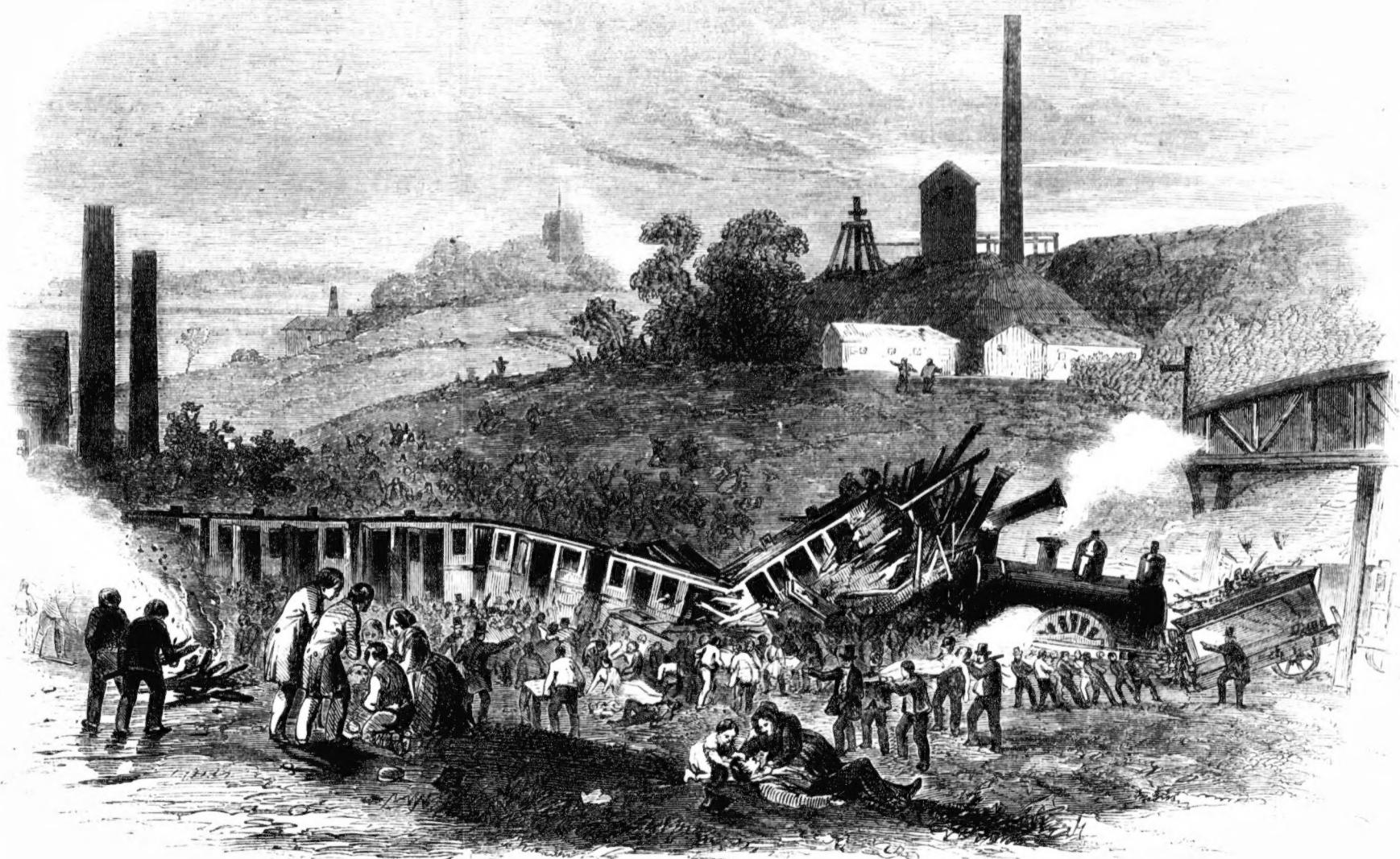
HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY, Salford.

journed to the park, when the statue was uncovered in their presence, and after short addresses from Sir John Potter, M.P., and Mr. James Brotherton (son of the late member), the formality of handing over the property from the committee to the Corporation was gone through. The statue fronts the principal entrance gates to the park, and is within a short distance of them. The inscription on the face of the pedestal is—

“Joseph Brotherton, the first, and for upwards of twenty-four successive years the faithful representative of the borough of Salford in the House of Commons. Born May 22, 1783; died January 7, 1857.”

On the park side of the statue are the words uttered by the honourable gentleman on a memorable occasion in the House of Commons:—

“My riches consist, not in the extent of my possessions, but in the fewness of my wants.”



THE ACCIDENT ON THE OXFORD AND WORCESTER RAILWAY, NEAR ROUND OAK STATION.

THE COLLISION ON THE OXFORD AND WORCESTER RAILWAY.

AT the inquest on the bodies of those who fell victims to this horrible accident, the following facts connected with its origin were elicited during the examination of witnesses. William Skeldon said—I went by this train to Worcester. I accompanied the guard all the way in his break van to Worcester. About half an hour after we had started, the guard asked if any one had a light and tobacco. I found tobacco and matches, and he began to smoke, setting my brother, John Skeldon (one of the killed, aged 17), to work the break. My brother, with the help of others, worked the break to Worcester. During most of that time the guard was smoking. I think it was after we passed Dudley that a coupling chain broke. We felt a shock which threw me forward. At Bretton Lane Station the guard having got out, returned, and asked for a chain, saying there was one broke. Not long afterwards another broke, but the guard did not repair it, saying that he could get on very well without it. Nothing of consequence happened during the rest of the journey. It was on our return in the evening that the collision took place, when I was thrown violently forward, and remained insensible for a time. On getting out, I went up the line to the engine-driver, who said, "What the devil do you want here? Go back to your carriage; there is nothing serious the matter." Witness then sought for his friends among the debris.

A clergyman gave similar evidence as to the breaking of the coupling-chains, and said he remarked at the time that the engine-drivers were either playing tricks, or else were drunk, from the extraordinary jerks they were giving them.

The station-master at Round Oak said it was the duty of the guard to report to him anything happening to a train. No application was made to him on the day of the accident for coupling-chains to replace those broken.

The inquest was adjourned for a week.

VANCOUVER AND THE NEW GOLD MINES.

The following interesting account of a trip to the Gold Mines of British Columbia is from the pen of the "Times" Correspondent.—

ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY.

I left San Francisco on Thursday, the 21st of June, at 4½ p.m., and arrived in Esquimalt harbour, near Victoria, on the following Tuesday, at six in the morning—distance, 800 miles. The steamer was so crowded with adventurers of all sorts, that exercise even on the quarter-deck could only be coaxed by the general forbearance and good-humour of the crowd. Before starting there were stories to the prejudice of the steamer, the *Oregon*, belonging to the Pacific Mail Company, ripe enough to damp the courage of the timid; but she behaved well, and beat another boat that had five hours' start of her.

The voyage from San Francisco to Vancouver's Island, which in a steamer is made all the way within sight of the coast, is one of the most agreeable. I know none other so picturesque out of the Mediterranean. The navigation is so simple that a school-boy could sail a steamer; for a series of eighteen headlands, which jut out into the ocean all along the coasts of California, Oregon, and Washington territory, serve as landmarks to direct the mariner in his course; all he has to do being to steer from one to another.

The northern portion of the coast of California and the whole length of the coasts of Oregon and Washington are thickly wooded. In fact, this vast stretch of country is one continuous pine forest—timber enough to supply the wants of the world for ages, one would think. One spot in particular made an impression upon me which I wish I had the power to convey by words. Between Cape Mendocino and Humboldt Bay, on the northern limits of California, a grand collection of hills and mountains of every variety of size, shape, and form occurs. This grand group recedes in a gentle sweep from the coast far inland, where it terminates in a high conical mountain, overtopping the entire mass of pinnacles which cluster around it. The whole is well clothed with trees of that feathery and graceful foliage peculiar to the spruce and larch, and interspersed with huge round clumps of evergreens, with alternations of long glades and great open patches of lawn covered with rich grass of that bright emerald green peculiar to California. Here everything in nature is on a grand scale. All her works are magnificent to a degree unknown in Europe. A trip to these regions will pay the migratory Englishman in search of novelty to his heart's content, and I will bear the blame if he is not well pleased with his journey. Here he will find combined the beauty and loveliness of English landscape with the bolder and grander features of the scenery of the Western continent—a combination, perhaps, unequalled in any other country.

Having for several years entertained a conviction of the vast importance to England of the possession of Vancouver's Island, both politically and commercially, and of the absence of any other point on the coast which can ever rival it north of San Francisco, I watched with much interest the different bays and anchorages as we passed them. There is not a safe harbour, not a spot adapted for a commercial port, between San Francisco and the island. Humboldt Bay is capacious, and vessels can lie with tolerable safety when once in, but it is inaccessible in heavy weather, and is difficult of exit.

There are several harbours along the coast which are good enough in summer, during the prevalence of the north-west winds; but in winter the south-east winds blow up the coast, and make them all unsafe and difficult of access. The captain's remark was, "There is either a heavy swell or the access is difficult." There are no hidden dangers on the coast. Steamers can keep close in-shore, where the sea is smooth and little current, but sailing vessels should keep a good offing, particularly from April to October, when the wind blows from the northward and westward and causes a strong current.

We have now rounded Cape Flattery, and are in the Straits of Fuca, running up between two shores of great beauty. On the left is the long-looked-for Island of Vancouver, an irregular aggregation of hills, showing a sharp angular outline as they become visible in the early dawn, covered with the eternal pines, saving only occasional sunny patches of open greensward, very pretty and picturesque, but the hills not lofty enough to be very striking. The entire island, properly speaking, is a forest. On the right we have a long massive chain of lofty mountains covered with snow, called the Olympian range—very grand, quite Alpine in aspect. This is the peninsula, composed of a series of mountains running for many miles in one unbroken line, which divides the Straits of Fuca from Puget Sound. It belongs to America, in the territory of Washington, is uninhabited, and, like its opposite neighbour, has a covering of pines far up towards the summit. The tops of these mountains are seldom free from snow. The height is unknown, perhaps 15,000 feet. We ran up through this scenery early in the morning, biting cold, for about forty miles to Esquimalt Harbour—the harbour which borders upon Vancouver's Island its pre-eminence.

ESQUIMAUT HARBOUR.

The harbour of Esquimalt is a circular bay, or rather a basin, hollowed by nature out of the solid rock. We slid in through the narrow entrance between two low, rocky promontories, and found ourselves suddenly transported from the open sea and its heavy roll and swell into a Highland lake, placid as the face of a mirror, in the recesses of a pine forest. The transition was startling.

The whole scenery is of the Highland character. The rocky shores, the pine-trees running down to the edge of the lake, their dark foliage trembling over the glittering surface which reflected them, the surrounding hills, and the death-like silence.

A survey of the bay satisfies one that it is a capacious harbour, capable of containing a large fleet—hundreds of vessels, when its capacity is made available by engineering, the building of wharves, throwing out of jetties, scarping the rocky shores, &c. And it has the natural advantages of a good bottom for anchorage, is almost land-locked, and, by a little building at the entrance, can be made completely so; deep water, five, six, seven, and eight fathoms, easy of access, Victoria Bay, over which vessels pass in entering, being itself a safe anchorage, and

of great capacity. The harbour is admirably adapted for fortifications, which could be built at its entrance in such a manner as to make it impregnable. Guns could be so placed on the promontories and on an island just outside, in Victoria Bay, as to completely command the entrance, and under the fire of which no vessel could live; and—what is of infinite importance—there is a portion of the harbour which could not be shelled, and which is well adapted for the building of a dock-yard. The ground on two sides of the harbour is eligible for a city, and—what is a curious feature in the landscape, and may become yet of great commercial importance—an arm of the sea, called the Victoria Arm, runs up into the country from Victoria several miles to within 600 yards of Esquimalt harbour. This is navigable for small vessels; and, should Victoria continue to be the capital of the colony and the commercial city, nothing is easier than to carry merchandise in a variety of craft from the harbour to the city by the Victoria Arm (which would be an inland navigation) free from the swell of the open sea between the two places. A short cut or canal would join this arm to the harbour.

I am indebted to Captain Prevost, of H.M.S. *Satellite*, and to Captain Richards, of the *Plumper*, surveying vessel, for much information respecting the harbour; and I have the authority of both these officers for writing that the harbour is spacious and safe. Captain Richards pointed out to me the position in which the Leviathan should lie if she comes out. She will have no difficulty in entering, and there is as good a berth inside for her as she can find anywhere.

THE ABORIGINES.

Our first impression of solitude was soon dissipated. Shoals of canoes filled with Indians, several sailboats manned by Italian fishermen from San Francisco, and about six or seven shoreboats, surrounded the steamer, all ready to take us and our goods and chattels on shore. The Indians interested me much. I saw at once that they were far superior in the scale of humanity to the Californian aborigines. They are industrious. This alone established their superiority. They are better formed and more intellectual, too; not good looking, certainly, but not hideous. How they do manage their canoes! with what ease and grace and skill! They shot out into the bay from behind promontories which conceal many coves and inner harbours, with the easy sailing of a swan, and made for their point with unerring aim, although they use but small, short paddles. The form and construction of the canoe is perfection, and these Indians may be said to live on the water. Some of the canoes had two rowers, or rather paddlers. Some had four and some had whole families in them—father, mother, and children in one frail-looking canoe—but yet ready and willing to receive the heavy carcasses of three or four stout miners, together with their tools, arms, and baggage.

In three or four instances, the young girls showed evidences of Anglo-Saxon crossing, which a sinister mind might think reflected upon the chastity of their mothers. The men were all Indian in every feature. One girl attracted my notice from her strange equipment. Her hair was parted with much precision on the very top of the head, and hung down over her ears and on her shoulders with some grace. The hair itself is much finer than that of many Indians, and is free from the taint of frizzing or curling—"kinking," as the Americans call it—peculiar to the poor negro. Along the division formed by the parting of the hair of this young girl's head was drawn a line of bright red paint, which extended down the forehead. Another red line crossed from both sides of the head, and passed along the eyebrows, till it met over the nose. This painting looked pretty. Her hands were small and pretty, and she paddled with much grace. She would allow the canoe to get under the bows of the steamer, and near the wheels, as if on purpose, and then dexterously extricate it with an easy movement of the paddle, which was really beautiful to see. She wore a brass armlet on a well-turned arm, but no other ornament. She was evidently a lady in her way—the belle of the tribe, perhaps. Her mother was in the canoe with her, and she did all the touting for hire, in so far as eager looks can be called solicitation without a word being spoken. Other girls now appear, and a few have the red paint lines on the head and across the forehead; but none of them equal in grace and tidiness to my first attraction. The lads among the lads also affect paint on the face, drawing lateral lines on the cheeks, which give them a zebra sort of look. They all appeared to me harmless; many industrious; but many others fast becoming corrupted by the influx of emigrants and the abundance of money—the men getting drunk on the sale of their strawberries, fish, &c., and the girls getting fast corrupted by the coarse and idle ruffians hanging round Victoria.

The number of Indians on the island is considerable—as many as 18,000, I have been informed. Most of them live by fishing, but some tribes follow the chase, and others raise large quantities of potatoes.

THE TOWN OF VICTORIA.

I bring you at last to Victoria, distant from Esquimalt, by land, about three miles; round by sea double the distance. It stands nobly on a fine eminence, a beautiful plateau, on the rocky shore of the bay of the same name. Generations yet to come will pay grateful tribute to the sagacity and good taste of the man who selected it. There is no finer site for a city in the world. The plateau drains itself on every side by the natural depressions which intersect it, and there is space enough to build a Paris on. The views are also good.

Across the Straits you have the Olympian range washed by the sea; towards the interior picturesque views of wooded hills; opposite the fine woodland scenery of the country intervening between it and Esquimalt, the Victoria Arm, glimpses of which, as seen through the foliage, look like a series of inland lakes; while in front, just at one's feet, is the bay itself and its tributaries, or arms rather—James's Bay, &c.—always beautiful; and behind, towards the south-east end of the island, is a view of great beauty and grandeur—a cluster of small islands, San Juan and others, water in different channels, straits, and creeks, and two enormous mountains in the far distance, covered from base to summit with perpetual snow. These are Mounts Baker and Rainier, in Washington Territory. Such are a few—and I am quite serious when I say only a few—of the beauties which surround Victoria.

I could have written a pretty correct account of the state of Victoria without going out of my office. It is the San Francisco of 1849 reproduced. The same hurry-scurry, hurly-burly, dust, dirt, inconvenience, bad living, bad housing, cheating, and lying. The sudden metamorphosis from a quiet little hamlet of some 400 souls, to a huge hive of some 6,000 to 7,000 brigands, produced by the same causes, confirms the comparison. The life is very primitive, tents being the habitations of the majority. The life (and soul) of the place is imparted to it by the Californians, who have flocked to it with the view of bettering their broken fortunes. They have run up the price of land to an absurd figure. £20 a front foot I was asked for a lot in a side street—that is to say, for a clay bank, 100 feet by 70 feet, 10,000 dollars. I told the owner that "I wished he might get it;" but after all I paid pretty high for a purchase which I made, considering the original price to the first holder. I bought three lots, each of which cost a little time ago 100 dollars each. I was offered a profit on my bargain two days after I made the purchase; but now I understand there is a reversion, and my "water lots," as they are called in the slang of the "real estate" business, would not fetch what I gave for them. So much for gambling in land. Everything has risen to famine prices. Flour is 30 dollars a barrel. In San Francisco it is worth 12 dollars. Lumber, 100 dollars per 1,000 feet; in San Francisco, less than one-fourth that price. A man with a horse and cart will earn £10 a day. All this, however, will soon pass away.

A commissioner of police and men under him have been appointed, and the peace and good order of the place are really perfectly preserved; the crowds of all nations there assembled in a state of squatation, to use a new paraphrase, behaving very peacefully. I have walked several times through the encampments of tents, filled with weary sleepers, at late hours—eleven at night to one o'clock in the morning—without the least molestation, the only sound heard being that of such of the sleepers as "drive their pigs to market" o' nights.

PRODUCE AND CLIMATE.

I visited seven farms within short distances of Victoria. The crops were oats, barley, wheat, peas, potatoes, turnips, garden herbs, and vegetables, fruits, and flowers; no clover, the natural grass supplying sufficient food for the cattle and sheep. The crops were all healthy but not heavy. The wheat was not thick on the ground, nor having a large head. It was such a crop as would be an average one in a rich well-cultivated district of England or Scotland; far lighter than you would see in the rich counties of England and in the Carse of Gowrie. I was informed that the ground was very badly prepared by Indian labour—merely scratched over the surface. I believe that with diligent labour and skilful treatment the crops could be nearly doubled. The oats and barley were very good crops, and the potatoes looked quite healthy, and I doubt not will turn out the best crop of all. The peaches were decidedly an abundant crop. Vegetables thrive well, and all the ordinary fruits—apples, currants, &c., are excessively abundant. Some of the currant bushes breaking down with the weight of their fruit. Flowers of the ordinary sorts do well, but delicate plants don't thrive owing to the coldness of the nights.

"Sheep thrive admirably. I saw some very fine pure southdowns. The rams were selling at 100 dollars each (£20) to California sheep farmers. Other breeds—hybrids of southdowns, merinos, and other stock—were also in good condition and fair in size. Black cattle well also. The breed is a mixture of English and American, which makes very good beef. The horses are little Indian breeds, and some crosses with American stock, all very clean limbed, sound, active, hardy, and full of endurance and high spirit, until they get into liver-

stables. During my stay the climate was charming; the weather perfect—warm during the day, but free of glare, and not oppressive; cool in the evenings, with generally a gentle sea breeze. The long days—protracted daylight eking out the day to nine o'clock at night—the lingering sunset, and the ample "gloaming," all so different from what I had been accustomed to in more southern latitudes, again reminded me of Scotland in the summer season.

There is no running water, unfortunately, but the meadows and little prairies that lie enclaved within the woods show no signs of suffering from lack of moisture. The nights bring heavy dews, and there are occasional rains, which keep them fresh and green. I am told that in September rains fall, which renew the face of nature so suddenly, that it assumes the gush of spring, the flowers even coming out. The winter is a little cold, but never severe. I have heard it complained of as being rather wet and muggy. Frost and snow fall, but do not endure long.

The climate is usually represented as resembling that of England. In some respects the parallel may hold good; but there is no question that Vancouver has more steady fine weather, is far less changeable, and is on the whole milder. Two marked differences I noticed—the heat was never sultry, as is sometimes the case in England, and the wind never stings, as it too often does in the mother country. The climate is unquestionably superior in Vancouver.

THE MINES.

My tale of the Fraser River Mines is soon told. The water is too high to permit more than a very few miners to work on the river. The mass of them lies idle on its banks, waiting for the water to fall. Those who have money to pay for provisions can have enough on the spot, for which they have to thank the humane and liberal policy of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Those who have no money must starve. The alternative is as clear as the sun at noon-day. They can neither buy food nor leave the place. They cannot spread themselves over the country for the following reasons.—The banks of the river, high up where the miners are congregated, are steep and lofty perpendicular walls of rock which cannot be scaled. The other portions of its banks are covered with impenetrable forests, without a track or a trail, which they dare not penetrate for fear of the Indians.

There is a trail above Fort Hope known to the Hudson's Bay Company's people which leads up to Thompson's River and adjacent country, and which are supposed to be very rich in gold, but there are no means of transport available as yet. Some miners have gone up, and their story is this:—A man has to carry his provisions in his blankets, on his back, up a laborious ascent in hot weather. He cannot carry over 50lb. in weight besides his traps, and tools, and fire-arms. He takes several days to perform the journey. At its termination one-third or more of his stock of provisions has been used on the tramp. He digs, and digs successfully, but as he is in a wilderness where his supplies cannot be renewed, after a few days' work he must hurry down before his little stock of eatables is exhausted; or if he remains until he shall have eaten it all, he dies of hunger. There is no relief for him. So he comes back with some, but not much, gold. Several are said to have perished of hunger in this upper region, but I could only trace this horrid fate to two men. Unfortunately for themselves, the Californian miners would not listen to advice to defer their departure till the usual season of low water in the river, but rushed up unreflectingly, and reached the place long before they could work. The result is misfortune and disaster to most, and disappointment to nearly all.

On the other hand, I have the most satisfactory testimony to the fact, that wherever a miner can work on the Fraser or on the Thompson Rivers, or elsewhere, gold is obtained in abundance.

The river (the Fraser) will fall in September low enough to admit of washing in its bed, and miners can work in it till March, as I was informed by old residents.

In these outward circumstances several parties are returning to California, while others are still going up. I have myself done all I could, in a limited circle, of course, to dissuade them, but it is advice thrown away.

I may add that I have the distinct authority of Governor Douglas and of one of the chief factors, who has long resided in the interior, for stating publicly that for several years back they have had evidences of the existence of gold being found in many places extending over hundreds of miles of the country to which the notice of the world is now attracted, and that both these gentlemen believe the auriferous country to be rich and extensive.

A FRENCH WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The following is an extract from a letter written by a lady who has been resident some years in France:—"You wonder why I have had to pay for having the rights of a French woman. You do not know that in this land of liberty (so called) we are all natives and strangers; the slaves of Government—whether it be that of a king, a council, a chief, or an emperor. It is not the Emperor of France, but of the French. No one can open a shop, a school, or a magazine; can change one house for another, can leave one town for another, &c., without having a permission from the Government. This permission is granted by the maire of the district, who signs your paper, puts his seal to it, and sends it to the prefect, an office which corresponds with that of sheriff with us. The prefect presents your demand to his council, who refuse or accept it at pleasure; but if they refuse, they are obliged to give a reason with the proofs. From there your paper goes to one of the superior courts, according to the nature of your demand, and afterwards it passes through the hands of the Emperor. At each change of court you are obliged to produce different certificates of age, good conduct, occupations, capability, &c., each of which must be on stamped paper, and signed by the maire and minister of the place where you reside. All this, as you will easily imagine, takes up an infinity of time, and causes great expense. The proof of what I say is that last 8th of December I asked of Government the permission to open a school; I have not yet obtained it, but only the enjoyment of the rights and privileges of a native. The seal of the Emperor alone has cost me 172f. 33c., equal in our money to about £7 2s. 3d. After that count all the sheets of stamped paper, all the letters to pay postage, &c., and you will not be astonished to find 300f., or £12, spent in that way."

THE COLLIES IN STAFFORDSHIRE.—The strike of the colliers approaches its termination. In the course of last week meetings have been held at Oldbury, Wednesbury, Netherton, and some other places. At most of these the form has been gone through of passing resolutions not to go in at the reduced scale; but it has been a form only. It is evident enough that the men have lost heart in the business, and that in a very short time they will return to the pits at the reduced scale.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

WHISKY VERSUS FORBES MACKENZIE.

The details of Scottish drinking have an interest for the South, because an experiment is being tried in Scotland which may lead to legislation for the whole kingdom. Probably many of the English public do not know what the "Forbes Mackenzie Act" is. It is simply a measure which closes all taverns for the whole of Sunday, and otherwise regulates North British liberty. There was some dangerous mettle in the Scottish mob at one time, and this kind of coercion would not have been tolerated. But it is tolerated—perhaps (as so many of the Scottish papers seem to think), chiefly because it is evaded. The means of evasion are easy. In large cities, like Glasgow, "shebeens" spring up, where illicit drinking goes on at forbidden hours. In all places, the regular toppers lay in their supply on the Saturday night, and drink during church-time surrounded by their promising families. The good done is among the floating mass of occasional or indifferent drinkers, who do not care sufficiently about it to take the trouble to lay spirits in, but who will drink if they see a door open. Such persons are doubtless kept without drink for a day by the Act, unless it be a few who indulge at home out of sheer obstinacy.

On the whole, we think that the Act does not do much one way or the other. As a system of coercion, it is only very partial, for since there are still six days to indulge in (supposing the Act totally effectual on the seventh), the drinker really requiring control does not get enough control. The indifferent drinker does not consider the measure levelled at him, and takes scarcely any the less for it. So that even allowing that there is a diminution in the quantity drunk per year, the moral result can be but small. The thorough drunkard will have it; and as for the rest of the people, a few tumblers more or less in a year can make no difference of character in them. If it is sinful to drink fourteen tumblers a week, it is very little less sinful to drink only twelve, which in many cases the Act probably does effect.

But the case would have been serious if the "Scottish Press" had gone uncontradicted, if it had been proved that there was a vast increase of drinking since the Forbes Mackenzie Act. Mr. Caird, we think, has accounted for the error here by showing that the returns do not distinguish the quantity of whisky which goes south; so that the previous writer had credited Scotland with the whisky it exported. This makes a great difference, for there is unquestionably a considerable consumption of Scotch whisky in London, though rather among the middle than the lower classes.

However, the fact remains beyond dispute, that the whisky drunk in Scotland is very great in amount, and that it continues to be so in spite of coercive legislation. What a Maine law would do it is useless to discuss; for an attempt to pass one would cause a revolution. But the reason why minor attempts at coercion fail is, that the great mass of people drink in moderation, and that the drunkards proper as naturally escape your restraints as criminals escape your penal laws. The liquor is forthcoming to supply the demand of your great moderate mass, and the drunkard is the exception—the man who carries a natural indulgence beyond the proper point. This is a pity; but then it is what exists in every other department of life; and you cannot declare drinking in moderation criminal till you also hold society legally accountable for all social conditions which make crime possible. It is an attempt to legislate, in fact, as if Britain was a theocracy, whereas it is a very imperfect human government. Why not try and check by force any similar habit which has its bad side—forbid wearing finery, because the sight of it tempts some people to steal? and so on. We do not do this, because it is not practical or practicable; and we feel sure that the attempt to enforce total abstinence will be a failure for the same reason. A special limited act, like the Forbes Mackenzie one, may stand well enough meanwhile, especially as the Scotch have long been accustomed to keep their Sunday more strictly than is the case in England.

If we might venture on a practical suggestion in the matter of Scotch drinking, it would be to recommend a wider introduction of beer into the country. When we talk of the whisky drunk there, we should remember that they drink nothing else. Now, if wholesome malt liquor could be brought into fashion, the habit of taking raw spirits would be checked; and it is certain that beer and wine were both popular articles of consumption in that kingdom at an earlier day. As it is, "drams" are the universal indulgence of the working population; and the agitation which goes on against the habit is conducted with such a mixture of acrimony, stupidity, and bigotry by the leaders of the "Jeetoot" party, that an opposition is roused which seems likely to make drinking more durable than if it had never been attacked.

SIEGE OPERATIONS AT CHATHAM.—The troops of the Royal and East India Company's Sappers and Miners took part, on Monday afternoon, in a series of grand siege operations in the presence of many distinguished visitors. The operations, preparations for which have been making for some time past, consisted of the explosion of several mines, by means of powerful charges of gunpowder, the destruction of a formidable stockade, and other operations incident to the attack and defence of a strongly fortified town, the whole of the troops of the line and also those of the Royal Marines taking part in the attack and defence. There were also subsequent explosions at St. Mary's Creek for the purpose of showing the method of destroying submarine works, the removal of wrecks, &c., in addition to which several "fougasses" were exploded during the operations of the day. The Commander-in-Chief was expected up to the last, but, to the disappointment of thousands, his Royal Highness was unable to be present. Sir John Burgoyne, however, attended by a brilliant staff, arrived at Chatham for the operations. In the course of another week or so all the field works will be filled in and buried over till another siege is planned for next year.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PRINCE ALFRED, who has passed his examination at the Naval College, will sail on board the *Euryalus* about the middle of this month, on a voyage round the world.

THE CANADIANS HAVE FORWARDED A PETITION TO THE GREEN. praying that she will authorise the Prince of Wales, or some other member of the Royal family, to proceed to Canada as her representative at the opening of the Crystal Palace.

THE PEOPLE OF BRITTANY are getting up a petition to the Emperor of the French, praying that the Prince-Imperial may assume the title of Duke of Brittany.

IT IS RUMOURED that the Duke of Cambridge, General Sir H. Douglas, and General Lord Clyde, will shortly be promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DERBY AND LADY EMMA STANLEY left town on Saturday last for Knowsley Hall, Lancashire.

LORD DERBY'S STUD is announced for sale by Messrs. Tattersall at Doncaster, on Saturday, 18th of September; thus the Premier retires from the turf without adding its "Blue Ribbon" to the heir-looms of Knowsley.

MR. JAMES DISRAELI, a brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been appointed to the office of Commissioner of Inland Revenue, vacated by the death of the late Mr. Stevenson; Mr. Philip Rose, Secretary to the Carlton Club, has Mr. James Disraeli's former berth, the Treasurer of the Derbyshire district of County Courts.

THE FOURTH AND LAST SALE OF THE ASSYRIAN MUSEUM AT THE LOUVRE is now completed, and contains some curious bas-reliefs and cuneiform inscriptions; the former original and the latter moulded.

THE TITLE OF COLONEL MOODY, who goes out to British Columbia in command of detachment of Engineers, is to be Chief Commissioner of Public Lands and Works. His men will have to survey the country, make roads, and construct bridges.

THE OTHER DAY A YANKEE gave a beggar-woman a couple of cents. "Two cents!" exclaimed she, "take them back, sir; I asked for charity; I can't do anything with two cents." "My dear madam," said the polite donor, "I beg you will keep the cents, and give them to some poor person."

NUMBERS OF CHILDREN LABOURING UNDER HOOFING-COUGH have visited the gas works in Preston for the purpose of breathing the exhalations from the gas lime. It is said that all feel considerably relieved, and that many are absolutely cured by this simple remedy.

A CONSERVATIVE FESTIVAL was held last week in the Mote Park, Maidstone. At the dinner, at which about 1,400 persons sat down, there were present the members for Maidstone, Messrs. Hope and Scott. A display of fireworks closed the proceedings.

THE LICENCE OF JOHN WILLIAM MITCHELL, surgeon, for the reception of lunatics into Acorn House, in the West Riding of the county of York, has been revoked by the Commissioners in Lunacy, such revocation to take effect from and after the 27th day of September inst.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE has arrived at Berlin, whence he proceeds to Saxony and Silesia, there to survey the battle-fields of the Seven Years' War, to enable him to give a faithful delineation of these eventful spots in his forthcoming "History of Frederick the Great."

THE PRISONS OF TAIN, STORNOWAY, AND CROMARTY (N.B.) are without a single prisoner, civil or criminal.

A PIECE OF BRAZ CANNON taken from the Celestials has arrived at the Admiralty in Paris. It is of the calibre of a 30-pounder, is eight feet long from the mouth to the extremity of the breech, and weighs 3,000 Chinese pounds.

SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS, OF KARS, on his arrival at Halifax, Nova Scotia, was enthusiastically received. There was an immense procession.

ALL LETTERS TO THE EAST INDIES must in future be prepaid.

THE NEW ACT for the better government of India came into operation on Thursday last.

ONE HUNDRED VESSELS laden with above a million bushels of wheat, entered the port of Marseilles from the Black Sea in the course of two days last week.

THE WINDSOR CASTLE, 120 guns, was launched on Friday week, from the Royal dockyard, Pembroke, and afterwards towed to one of the yards up Channel to be equipped for commission.

AT AMSTERDAM there has been a regatta of young men who walk the water in shoes called pedoschapies. One of them, Mr. Ochsner, who gained the prize, accomplished the feat of walking up the Rhine from Rotterdam to Cologne, where he arrived on the 22nd of August, having started from Rotterdam on the 16th.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE in course of erection at Toronto for the exhibition of Canadian produce is to be opened in October next.

A VESSEL is about to be built at Cherbourg, to be called *Vaisseau-bélier* (battering ram), a sort of man-of-war, the idea of which has been proposed by the Emperor.

IN THE EVENT OF A GENERAL ELECTION, it is said, a new Liberal candidate will be brought forward by an influential body of the Tower Hamlets constituency in opposition to Mr. Ayrton.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY are selecting and classifying words most used in communications on different subjects, and constructing what may be called a stenographic alphabet of them, for the purpose of expediting transmissions.

PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE visited the city of Perth a few days since, en route for Inverness and the Highlands. His object seems mainly to study and investigate the Celtic language. He attended the Catholic chapel on Sunday, and on Monday made a tour through the booksellers' shops, inquiring after Gaelic literature.

THE HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW commenced at Aberdeen on Monday. The number of entries far exceeds those at any former show, the total being 2,476.

THE ENGINE-DRIVER OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN while descending the incline towards Beattock, observed to his horror a little child sitting in the middle of the rails, picking up stones into a small pitcher. Unable to arrest the progress of the train, he pushed on in intense agony till he reached the station. The infant was found by the mother perfectly uninjured.

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE EUROPEAN POWERS which had decided on granting an indemnity to Professor Morse for the usage of his electrical apparatus, have come to a definite understanding. The sum voted was 400,000 francs, of which France will pay 150,000 francs, Sardinia 15,000 francs, and Rome 5,000 francs, &c.

A MARRIAGE celebrated a few days ago at St. Paul's, Lorrimer Square, Newington Butts, is announced as having been performed "with choral service." Inquiry has been made who sings it—the bride, the bridegroom, or the incumbent—and whether the clergyman who has invented this novel process has taken out a patent for it.

THREE OF THE SHIPS SUNK IN THE HARBOUR OF SEBASTOPOL have been recently raised by the Russian engineers.

A NEW GYMNASIUM for the Blue-coat Boys has just been completed on the western side of Christ's Hospital.

MR. J. PHILIP, A.R.A., has been at Osborne House, painting portraits to be introduced in his picture of the recent royal marriage. He now proceeds to Berlin on a similar errand.

COUNTERFEIT GOLD COIN IS IN CIRCULATION IN SPAIN to such an extent that families spending the summer in Catalonia are obliged to send continually to the capital for silver, owing to the reluctance of the inhabitants to receive the gold tendered to them.

AN ELOPEMENT FROM SCARBOROUGH.—A young lady in Yorkshire lately fell in love with her father's man-servant, who was dismissed in consequence. The young lady ordered the discharged one to Scarborough, where he was to wait for better times. A few days afterwards she obtained permission to spend a day or two at Scarborough, and the pair started off to London, where they were married.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A MAN CUT TO PIECES ON A RAILWAY.—On the afternoon of Sunday last, a person, whose name is supposed to be Ray, was at the Kingston station talking to another man who had neglected to take his ticket. The former volunteered to go to the booking-office, and procure one. In order to get there he imprudently attempted to cross the line just as the train appeared in sight. The engine-driver sounded his whistle as shrill as he possibly could, and also shut off the steam, whilst the guard applied the brakes most vigorously, but they were unable to stop the train in sufficient time to allow the unfortunate man to reach the platform. The buffers of the engine struck him, hurling him across the metals, the poor fellow being literally cut to pieces by the wheels of the carriages. Death was instantaneous.

LOSS OF TWO LIVES AT POPLAR BY THE FALLING OF AN OVEN.—Two lives were lost at No. 266, High Street, Poplar, by the falling in of an oven, on Saturday afternoon last. The deceased were engaged in the construction of an oven. Suddenly, while they were under it, the crown gave way, covering the unfortunate men in the ruins. On their being extricated, life was found to be extinct.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

IT will be a matter of regret to your readers that your most excellent contributor, who so accurately describes the "Inner Life of the House of Commons," should be making holiday just at the present moment, for we require his fluent pen to do justice to the strange spectacle presented by Mr. John Townsend, M.P. for Greenwich, who has made so creditable an appearance before the Bankruptcy Court, and is about to resign the trust reposed in him by his enlightened constituency. A respectable schedule is not a thing to be despised; long lists of debts show what a splendid station we once possessed; heavy creditors announce our former position; but when we find entries of pawnbrokers' duplicates, and these ranging to what Mr. Montague Tigg would call the "ridiculous sum" of eleven shillings, we must blush for our appearance in Basinghall Street. Mr. Townsend, however, seems manfully determined to meet his difficulties in the best manner he can. By his own showing, "there is great depression and competition in the auction world;" and it is to be conjectured that the demand for coffins is anything but brisk; so he accepts with alacrity an offer which has been made to him by some enterprising London theatrical manager to appear on the stage for a stated time, at a salary of twenty-five pounds a week; and in a letter which he has published, he declares his intention of setting apart a portion of his earnings for the benefit of his creditors. From this source we learn that this "political Sowerberry" formerly played under the name of "Mortimer," but more recently under that of "Waites;" that he "always had the good fortune to play to crowded houses, and on each successive representation the audience has been warmer and more enthusiastic in its expression of approval of his humble endeavours." This is as it should be! Mortimer is the name of the principal character in Colman's "Iron Chest," an elm chest clamped with iron, and containing all that is left of an ill-spent life, has doubtless already formed part of Mr. Townsend's business experiences, and who more capable than he of giving full flavour and zest to the moral aphorisms of the grave-digger in Hamlet, or show how long a body would last after its sepulture! Speaking seriously, it is difficult to appreciate Mr. Townsend's behaviour in this case; if this play-acting scheme be honest and straightforward, it is a manly attempt to endeavour to recover for his creditors some of their losses; if it be simply a further outburst of personal vanity, it is in consonance with that egregious conceit which led a second-rate undertaker in a small suburban town to aspire to a seat in Parliament, and which induced him to persevere in his attempts to render the principles of the English constitution ridiculous in the eyes of the civilised world!

It is generally supposed that at this season of the year the great guns of the daily newspapers are away holiday-making, and that their functions are discharged by lesser lights. It was at a similar period that the "Times" was hoaxed by the great "Railways and Revolvers in Georgia" mystery. We may charitably suppose that the narrative of the only surviving witness of the Cawnpore massacre, published in the same journal, owed its seeing daylight to a similar cause, and to the same reason we may ascribe the dullness and bad taste pervading recent articles in the Thunderer. What, for instance, could be more offensive than the tirade against the Americans for their ebullitions of joy at the successful completion of the Atlantic telegraph? You come to my house; I have been expecting you for some time, but circumstances have induced me to believe that I should never have the satisfaction of receiving you as my guest. Eventually you arrive: I kill the fatted calf; I give a ball; I light up the porch, and I let off fireworks on the town; I have all my tenantry robed in black, and clean smocked, to grin and touch firelocks, and do you honour! You think me extravagant in my demonstration, perhaps; but you appreciate my motive, and are gratified—more gratified, perhaps, than you would have been at the *sang froid* of Tompkins, who receives you in his shooting-coat, goes on with his daily work, leaving you to your own devices; and your arrival makes no change in the boiled beef and yeast dumplings with which he could have satisfied his own solitary appetite. At all events, you do not sneer and say bad things to me for my courtesy! This appears to me to be very much our position with America. The Yankees have shown themselves enthusiastic and demonstrative—we have been, as usual, cold and impulsive. Like the dogs in Dr. Watts' amiable hymn, it "is our nature to;" but because it is, we need not ride roughshod over persons of different organisation, or attempt to decry honest enthusiasm of any kind, more especially that shown in affection towards ourselves.

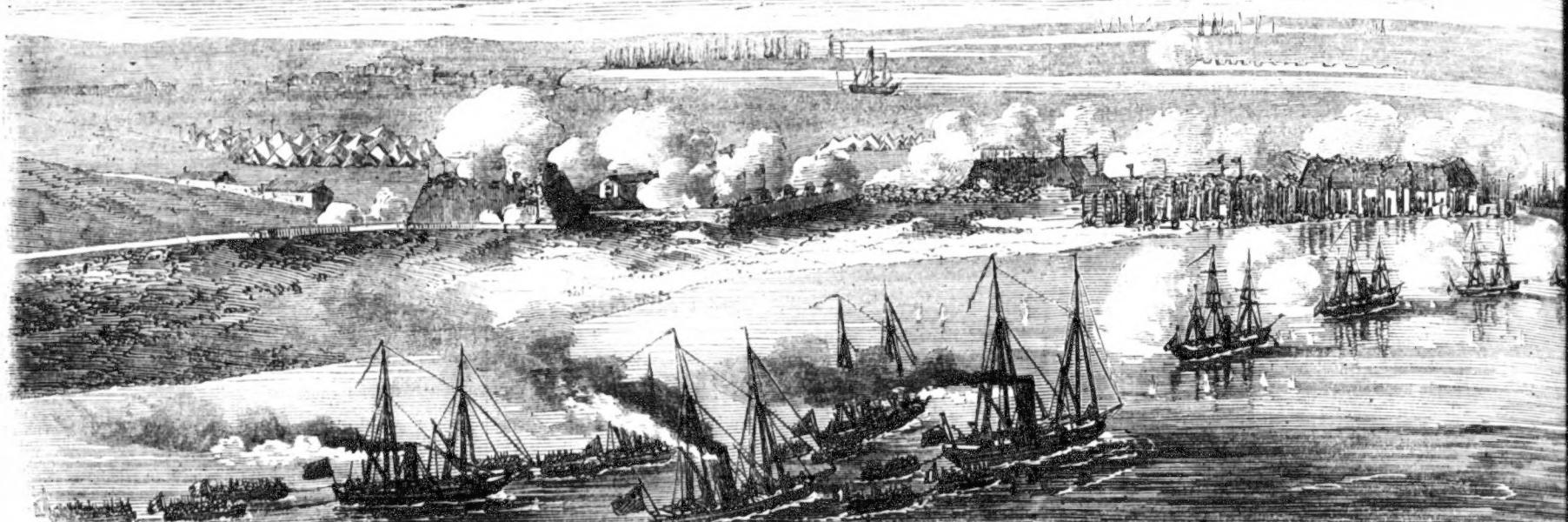
The magazines of the new month are "to hand," as your business man would say (by the way, your business man says a good deal in print, now-a-days); I meet him in many periodicals, notably in "Household Words," where he is always advocating his theories of supply and demand, buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, &c., and always in a clear, straightforward manner, and seem generally infected with the dullness of the dead season of the year. Two of the seven articles in "Blackwood" are devoted to the recent spectacle at Cherbourg, another is the continuation of Bulwer's novel, a fourth a scientific paper on "Respiration and Suffocation," and a fifth a political essay on Indian matters entitled "John Company's Farewell to John Bull." There is also the first portion of a new novel, "The Light on the Hearth," at present darkly mysterious, but containing some nice writing and clever character-sketching. The cream of the number is called "A Parochial Epic," and is one of the closest and most ridiculous parodies—in imitation of Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House"—that I have ever read. It is the very perfection of a parody; for not only does the metre possess the easy flow and quaint rhythm of the original, but all the Patmorean opinions and peculiarities of style are duly reflected.

Nor does "Fraser" much relieve the monotony, showing plainly enough that all the best contributors are away holiday-making, and have left but the heavy squad to supply their places. A pleasant essay, "Concerning Work and Play," and a good bit of descriptive writing, under the title "Shipwrecks, Waifs, and Strays," are the only readable papers. The "Sketches from Egypt" are poor enough, and lack vivacity, and "The Lawful Regiment of Women" is an article on an unpublished M.S. in the British Museum, which does not possess the smallest interest to the general reader. The serial story, "Hanworth," seems clever, and the author is at home among ladies and gentlemen—not a common virtue with those who profess to depict society. In the concluding article, Mr. Froude defends his "History of England" from the attack in the recent number of the "Edinburgh Review."

The "Englishwoman's Journal," good from the first, exhibits decided progress. I don't know whether the contributors are matrons; if so, they have profited by experience, for the articles are marked by more strength and tenacity of purpose, and by more variety. This month's number contains good biographical notices of Miss Edgeworth and George Combe, a clever paper on the "Adoption of Professional Life by Women," and a very pretty little poem, "Maximus," the moral of which is as good as the verse.

MOEL SIABOD.

Our ignorance with respect to the locality of the charming bit of mountain scenery which our readers will remember we published an engraving of last week, has been enlightened by a score of correspondents. It seems that Moel Siabod is situated in Carnarvonshire, about six miles north of Snowdon, on the right of the road going from Bethgelert to Capeleurgig. It is 2,878 feet in height, and although not so high as Snowdon, it is more difficult to scale. The view from the summit is of course splendid. People who climb up to the top of tall places, whether mountain summits or cathedral towers, always have a great deal to say for the magnificence of the view, as this is their only recompense for the fatigue they have undergone, and tourists like to persuade themselves that their enthusiasm has not been misplaced. We make this remark parenthetically, by the way, with no intention of decrying the glories of the prospect from Moel Siabod, with Lake Ogwen towards the north, Lake Bala towards the south, and Caernarvon Bay to the west; all, we are told, distinctly visible.



VILLAGE OF TAKOS.

SOUTH FORT, 6 GUNS.

CURTAIN BATTERY, 4 GUNS.

CENTRE FORT, 6 GUNS. BANDBAG BATTERY, 23 GUNS.

NORTH FORT, 10 GUNS.

NUMERO.

MITRAILLE.

DRAGONNE.

ATTACK ON THE PEIHO RIVER FORTS.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

The capture of the Chinese forts at the mouth of the river Peiho has been described in a recent number of our paper, and we are now able to publish some engravings, from sketches recently received from China, representing, first, the attack by the allied fleets; and, secondly, a view of Tien-sing, from whence the French Plenipotentiary has forwarded a despatch corroborative of the news received last week by way of St. Petersburg. This despatch is to the following effect:—

"The vast empire of China is thrown open to Christianity, and nearly the whole of it to the commerce and industry of the West. Our diplomatic agents will be allowed to reside temporarily at Pekin, and our missionaries will be admitted everywhere. The murderer of the missionary Chappédelaine will be punished; it will be announced in the 'Pekin Gazette.' The laws against Christianity will, moreover, be revoked."

The affair of Peiho and the advance of the English and French gunboats to Tien-sing no doubt hastened the conclusion of the negotiations which have been so long pending. In the attack on Peiho the Chinese gunners are said to have displayed great courage, and the troops, under the command of a young mandarin, fought with a daring that won the admiration of the Allies. Our first engraving represents the advance of the attacking squadron. The foremost ship is the *Cormorant*, firmly fixed in the mud; and the burning mass beyond represents a number of fire-rafts which the Chinese sent floating down the river, with the view of burning the allied fleets; but, fortunately, the rafts grounded before reaching the *Cormorant*, or she would most certainly have been destroyed.

The loss on the side of the British appears to have been very slight—not more than twenty-five killed and wounded. The French loss was more severe, owing to the explosion of a mine as our Allies advanced against one of the forts—upwards of fifty-five men and three officers were killed and put *hors de combat* by this unfortunate occurrence.

Tien-sing is a considerable commercial city, seventy miles south-east from Pekin, the capital. It is the great *entrepôt* for salt; and its importation of grain, woollen stuffs, and furs, is considerable. The country around is flat and barren, and the heat is greatly aggravated by frequent dust-squalls, which our correspondent says have nearly blinded him, and which, among the inhabitants, produce ophthalmia.



MARRIED BOATWOMAN.

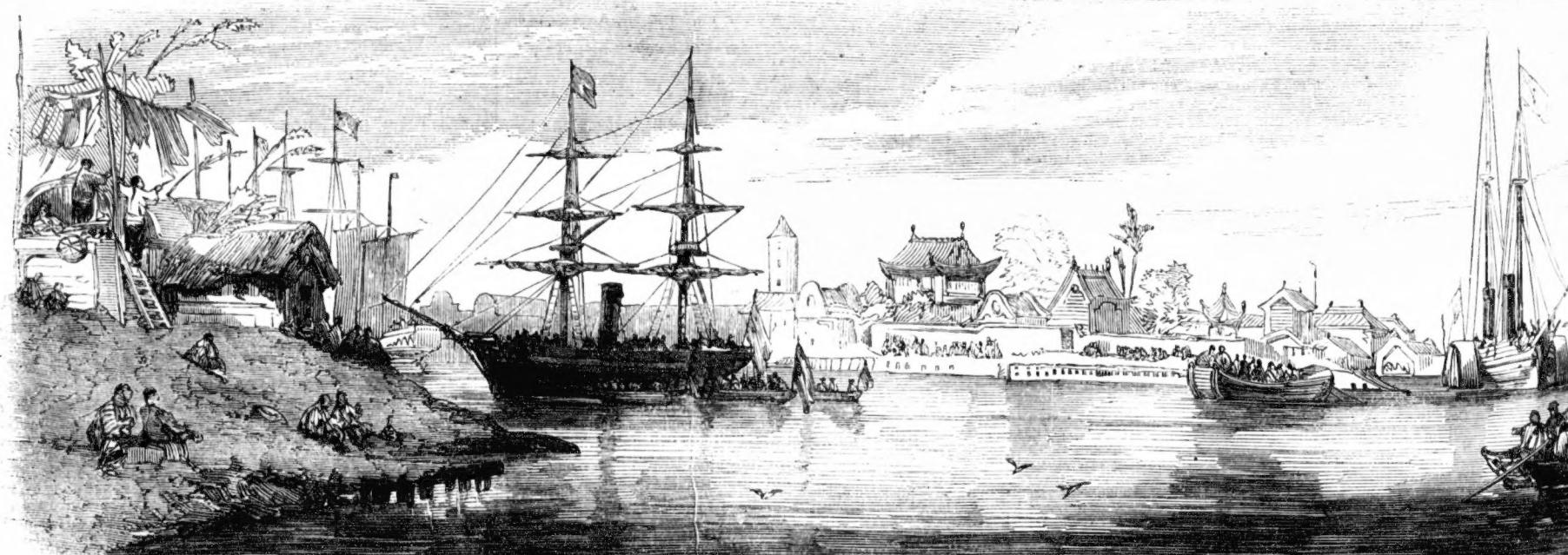


CHINESE RIVER.

TANKA WOMEN.

The bulk of the boats which crowd the Chinese rivers are chiefly navigated by women, who take the name by which they are known from their boats. These, from their egg-like shape when fitted with their covering of mats, are in the Chinese vernacular called *Tankas*, which signifies "eggs." These boats are generally navigated by

two women, one to steer and one to row. The woman who steers is generally the wife of a boatman or fisherman, and very often carries at her back, throughout the day, one and not unfrequently a couple of children. The costume of the women consists of a pair of loose blue trousers and jacket; and, in the cold season, a quilted garment over these. They have peculiar styles of dressing their hair, as we have



ENGLISH AND FRENCH GUNBOATS.

L'AVALANCHE (ADMIRAL RIGAULT DE GENOUILLY).

THE COROMANDEL (ADMIRAL SEYMORE), AT THE ENTRANCE ANCHORAGE OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH WAR-STEAMERS AT



LE BRETON.
TREY, 10 GUNS.
FIRE RAFTS.
BATTERY, 15 GUNS.
ENTRENCHED CAMP, 4 LARGE GUNS.

LANCHE. SLANEY. CORMORANT.
(SKETCHED FROM THE DECK OF THE SLANEY.)



SIDE POPULATION.

remarked in former articles. The married women wear their hair long, and by their mode of dressing it contrive to produce the most grotesque coiffures; while the young unmarried girls wear their hair cut short in front, with long tresses behind, a mode that does not tend to any very graceful result.

Dr. Yvan, in his "Inside Canton," gives some interesting particulars

respecting these Tanka girls. It seems that marriages with them are brought about without the usual go-between who is invariably employed in such delicate affairs among Chinese of the better class. The Tanka girl's courtship, if not quite *de règle*, is, at any rate, rather poetical and picturesque. In harvest-time, any man of their class who

wishes to marry, goes into the next field and gathers a little sheaf of rice, which he fastens to one of his oars. This sheaf of rice signifies that the young man undertakes to toil laboriously to maintain her he loves. Then, when he is in the presence of the tanka-girl of his choice, he puts his oar into the water, and goes several times round the boat belonging to the object of his affections. The next day, if the latter accept his homage, she, in her turn, fastens a bunch of flowers to her oar, as a symbol that she will give him happiness in exchange for his labour in her behalf, and comes rowing about near her betrothed. The relations then assemble in the young girl's bark. Some barbarous songs are sung, and the marriage is consecrated.

Not unfrequently, the boats of the poor present family groups full of grace and natural simplicity; the children especially being the objects of the tenderest caresses. The father, who has just ceased labour, worn with fatigue, takes upon his knees the youngest of his children; he encircles the little creature with his arms, that it may not fall; and so, rice-bowl in one hand and bamboo chopsticks in the other, he feeds the babe with the soft, assiduous patience of an attentive mother. The tanka-girls, contrary to the practice among the women of the *bourse* and upper ranks, eat with their husbands, it being only fair that the food won by their common labour should be partaken of in common. The dish of rice and fish, which constitutes the whole repast, is placed upon the deck of the vessel; the father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother are ranged all round it upon cane seats, while the children, basin in hand, edge in and take places at the corners as they can. There is laughter, there is conversation, in these rude homes, and the shadow of thoughts of privation to come falls not upon the simple feast; each one, with a cheerful heart, eats his share of the meagre reward of a day of painful toil.

Dr. Yvan in his book gives us the following picture of the fisherman class:—"As soon as they return from fishing," he tells us, "the anchor has scarcely been cast, when the children with naked

feet run along the shore and pass from one boat to another, to stretch out the nets. The men sitting down upon the ground examine the nets, mend the holes made in the preceding expedition, and the women at the back of the little house, prepare the family dinner on a portable stove made of plaster. The fishermen in this amphibious society represent the horticulturists and gardeners who supply large towns.



A TANKA GIRL.



ON THE IMPERIAL CANAL.
TIEN-SING.—(FROM SKETCHES BY M. E. ROUX, SECRETARY TO THE FRENCH ADMIRAL.)

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It is remarkable that Birmingham stands first among English towns for great performances of sacred music. Yet Birmingham has no cathedral. It has oysters, perambulators, policemen, a Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, an Islington, a Curzon Street, a Coventry Street, a Nelson monument, a Baltic Coffee-house, a Shadwell Street, a Vauxhall, Hansom cabs (roomy ones, with an immoderate quantity of loose iron jingling about them), a Gallery of Illustration, a Highgate Lane, a Snow Hill, smoke, stench, impedimenta, and Freemasons' Tavern. It has all these things, more or less like things of the same names which exist in London; but it has no church-architecture that is worth talking of—no venerably beautiful Christian fane, like St. Olave's or the Temple Church; no squat, parson-pagan, cupola-capped, bag-wig edifices, queerly commingling the classic types of antiquity with orthodox cherubim, their fat curly heads powdered with city dust, and their big stone cheeks stained by tears of soot. Nor has Birmingham any of those Byzantine blunderings, with flat horizontal red bands, like galvanised india-rubber—eaveless factory-looking monstrosities, in which (alas!) lies all our present hope of a "new architectural style." Of men and cities that we have known—of men and boroughs, that is to say, for Birmingham emphatically is not a city—we never knew a borough the men of which were such uncompromising radicals on the subject of church-rates. Their sole religious edifice of any note, St. Martin's, may be referred to the twelfth century, we believe; but this is speaking without any authority at hand to assist observation; and St. Martin's is the worst conserved of all old churches that we ever saw. Despite these indications of an extensive falling away from the Establishment, it is as certain as that Birmingham has no cathedral, that this borough has done more than any cathedral city in the United Kingdom, to foster a national love of religious music.

The festival of the past week has, beyond all precedent, been a musical and financial success. The first day showed an advance of six or seven hundred pounds on the first day of last festival, though that was highly satisfactory; and it is especially noticeable that the tickets for Thursday (the "Messiah" day) were all sold before the end of last week, at the price of secured seats, namely, a guinea. It happens that the great novelty of this festival is an event fixed for so late a period of the performances that we should be, in the ordinary course of events, precluded from noticing it this week; but it also happens, by a favouring accident in the plan of the rehearsals, that we are enabled to speak summarily of this novelty, (reserving our detailed criticism), as if it had been placed first on the programme. Mr. Leslie's oratorio, or "Biblical cantata," as he modestly calls a work of some magnitude, was rehearsed on Monday morning. Mr. Leslie is the composer of an oratorio named "Immanuel;" and he, as well as Mr. Costa, deserves our thanks for having broken through that foolish prejudice which does not allow the ability of any living composer to employ his invention upon a sacred theme. "Judith," the new production of Mr. Leslie's pen, has had the advantage of being well "written up to" by Mr. Chorley, who, with at least as much ingenuity as reverence, has put together a kind of scriptural patchwork, declining to intermix anything he could produce—"with the lofty and lyrical language of Scripture." We do not see that the interpolation of a few modestly written sentences, to connect the language of Judith, Holofernes, and the surrounding characters, would have been worse than "searching the Scriptures" for "bits," to suit the new occasion. At the rehearsal, on Monday, the whole cantata went off with nearly the same order and smoothness that belong to a public performance. Mr. Montem Smith and Mr. Sims Reeves, to be sure, were absent; the latter gentleman making his appearance only towards the close of the last part, and realising the police-reporter's idea of a "military-looking man, attired in the height of fashion, and wearing a moustache." Mr. Reeves, who looked quite robust enough to endure the fatigue of singing, condescended to have all his part played over again, that he might hum the notes, for his own satisfaction; a course which was pronounced by a professional young lady in the hall, to be a "downright cheat." How different was it with Madame Viardot, who gave as much emphasis and effect to her part as if she had been singing to a crowded and breathless audience, instead of to some twenty persons lounging carelessly on the benches below! Nobody who has heard this great artist at a rehearsal need wonder that her voice has been torn to rags. She has evidently no thought for herself while she is entering into a fictitious character. Her interpretation of Judith is a grand effort of genius, and shall receive due attention at our hands next week. Of Mr. Leslie's work we can safely say, that it will endure and grow in public esteem.

On Monday evening, the number of admissions to the rehearsal was increased, and the body of the hall presented a more lively appearance. Mr. Costa's loyal and fanciful serenata, "The Dream" (words by Bartholomew) was first tried, and did not go very smoothly. The *máestro* was in his usual good temper, and joked with the chorus in the intervals of arduous failure. Much was left for hope when they gave up trying the difficult passages, until the public performance on Thursday. The serenata is a pleasant trifle, light and sparkling, with the proper dash of sentiment here and there. The elegance of the accompaniments atoned for that want of marked originality which must be excused in an *apropos* bagatelle. Madame Novello's part included the prettiest air, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss having to make the best they could of some poor common-places. It will be remembered that this work of Mr. Costa's was performed on the occasion and in honour of the marriage of the Princess Royal. Handel's cantata, "Acis and Galatea," was next rehearsed, and in a more satisfactory manner. Mr. Sims Reeves came out energetically in the air "Love Sounds the Alarm." Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Montem Smith warbled their pastorals deliciously; but the great hit was Belletti's interpretation of Polymenus, which may be said to have been a comic interpretation. The music lying a little too low for Signor Belletti's baritone voice, all the faculties of the artist were called into requisition. It was very rarely, indeed, that this finished musician betrayed his want of physical power to cope with the difficulties of the part. "I rage, I melt, I burn," was sung with such grotesque assumption of incoherent passion, that all but the most cold-blooded critics must have been content, in the face of the humour of Belletti, to take for granted the voice of Staudigl. Moreover, it is to be observed, that while the music of the part sometimes requires a profound bass voice, it also rises to the upper F, and even once to G. So that the flexibility of Signor Belletti's voice counterbalanced his lack of low notes. It was complained by some learned critics present that the time of Handel's cantata was given twice as fast as it should have been; and it must be owned that, if Mr. Costa has any fault in conducting, it is a tendency to break into a gallop.

The festival opened in earnest on Tuesday morning, under the presidency of a nobleman, whose appearance forcibly called to our mind a remark of Leigh Hunt's, to the effect that, when he was first taken to the House of Lords, he was struck by an idea that it was rather like a House of Linendrapers; adding, as a consolation to those peers who were present, that, to be sure, the most dignified members of their Lordships' House might not have been there at the particular time. We should not have commented on the personal appearance of the noble president of the Birmingham festival, had it not been for his setting the wretchedly-bad example of rising to depart in the middle of the concluding chorus—a flagrant breach of etiquette that perfectly astounded all who are accustomed to meetings of this description.

Every seat in the commodious hall was filled; and the present becoming fashion of ladies' dresses added, or, it should rather be said, conducted, to the brilliant effect. There is no sight more striking than such an assemblage, stirred by the preliminary excitement of place-taking, and then settled down into quiet expectation. The architecture of the hall is Corinthian, and the prevailing colour within is blue; this being the tint of the magnificent organ, which is of unusual height. Rising almost to the roof, at the corners on either side of the organ, were the choristers; the front part of the gallery being filled by the instrumentalists, and descending to within some six feet of the floor of the hall. The National Anthem was first sang by Madame

Castellan, the other principal singers, and the chorus. After the first solo verse there is, in Mr. Costa's version, a remarkable change into a lower key, which is not in itself so effective as is the subsequent change, which it necessitates, back again into the original key, for the grand burst of the chorus. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is an oratorio in which Birmingham claims an interest, and justly takes a pride. Four festivals (twelve years, that is to say) ago, "Elijah" was first performed here; and the spontaneous opinion of its merit pronounced by the town of Birmingham has been since ratified by the deliberate judgment of all musical critics. There have been, however, some modifications in the work as originally written. One very notable chorus was introduced in the following year by Mendelssohn; and he substituted the celebrated angels' trio for a duet to the same words. Mr. Weiss is now completely identified with the part of Elijah, and his opening recitative satisfied the audience last Tuesday that he was in good voice and spirits. The overture followed, and was faultlessly executed, if we may observe, in qualification, that this, as well as all the great concerted portions, were taken faster than Mendelssohn was accustomed to take them. Mr. Sims Reeves sang his first recitative with remarkable purity of intonation; in the air which followed he manifested a desire to avail himself of the tune for purposes of concert-room effect; not that we have the least objection to his doing anything of the kind, and we notice the change of style, simply because it was a fact, and was noticeable. The double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge over thee," served to introduce four local singers, Miss Poyer, Mr. Barnby, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Smythson, in combination with Madame Castellan, Madame Viardot, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Montem Smith; and, inasmuch as the piece was rendered with admirably harmonious effect, we must give praise alike to all concerned in it. Madame Viardot, who, in theatrical parlance, "doubled" the part of an angel with that of Jezebel, then sang, in her former and more natural character, a recitative of exceeding beauty, in which she called upon Elijah to arise and depart and get him to Zarephath, and thither abide, for that the Lord had commanded a widow there to sustain him; "and the barrel of meal should not waste, neither should the cruise of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." How exquisitely does the nature of Madame Viardot qualify her to interpret these passages! It was impossible not to feel that, had she been the representative of the widow in the ensuing duet with Elijah, she would have supplied that touch of maternal tenderness which was utterly wanting in the voice of Madame Castellan. The taunting language of Elijah to the priests of Baal, conveyed in recitative by Mr. Weiss, and alternating with bursts of bewildered fury from the chorus, formed an exciting feature in the performance. The quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," sung by Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Barnby, was given with much sweetness, but somehow became flat towards the end. The loveliest thing in the whole oratorio, though it passed unheeded by the president, who is supposed by courtesy to be invested with the feeling of the whole audience, and who, therefore, is despotic in the matter of encores, was the air, "Woe unto them who forsake Him," as rendered by Madame Viardot. The first part concludes with the long-prayed-for storm of rain, which is, of course, a great orchestral opportunity. There is a gusty movement of violins, occurring in a lull of the deep tempestuous roar, which was so good that it caused a demonstration against the apathy of the noble president, who accordingly raised a scroll of paper, and thus signalled his gracious permission to repeat the finale. The second part was opened by Madame Novello, whose perfect knowledge of her work, and whose cold unsympathetic voice, are alike defiant of criticism. After a fine recitative by M. Weiss, addressed to King Ahab, and answered by the chorus, Madame Viardot assumes the personality of Jezebel. (What a wicked woman, by-the-by, this Madame Viardot must be to enter such natures as Judith's and Jezebel's!) It was with a marvellous assumption of Jezebel fury that this great artist uttered the threat towards the prophet Elijah: "The gods do so to me, and more, if by to-morrow about this time I make not his life as the life of one of them whom he hath sacrificed at the brook of Kisbon!" Mr. Sims Reeves's recitative, "Man of God, now let my words be precious in thy sight," was his happiest effort, and this, with the following air of Elijah's, was really a grand trial of strength between two singers. A trio, "Lift thine eyes to the Mountains," was then sung, without accompaniment, by Madame Novello, Miss Dolby, and Madame Viardot; during which, we can safely say, not a pin was negligently allowed to drop, even on a velvet cushion. The careless culprit would undoubtedly have encountered the indignant gaze of the whole hall. Miss Dolby acquitted herself, in several succeeding pieces, to perfection. First, she sang a recitative, in the character of an angel, calling on Elijah to journey towards Mount Horeb. Then, after the impatient lamentation of the prophet, she sang the consoling air, "O rest in the Lord," so tenderly and sweetly, that the noble president, emboldened by the recollection of his former act of grace, gave the signal of repetition, without waiting to be told that it was right to do so. The remaining features of note are a recitative by Mr. Weiss, "I go on my way in the strength of the Lord," which recitative has a beautiful symphony, chorus, and accompaniments belonging to it; and a chorus (which surely ought to conclude the oratorio) describing the departure of Elijah, in a fiery chariot, when the time came that "the Lord would take him away to heaven."

The hall was again filled, in the evening, for the first miscellaneous concert. The vocalists were Mesdames Novello, Castellan, Albion, and Viardot; Miss Dolby and Mademoiselle Victoire Bafle; Signori Ronconi and Tamberlik, and Mr. Weiss. The first part consisted of selections well-known to every frequenter of musical assemblies. The second part was taken up with the performance of "Acis and Galatea," respecting which, we may add a few remarks to those called forth by the rehearsal. The original masque, "made and performed for his Grace the Duke of Chandos," did not contemplate any grand musical display. It was "made" for the delectation of visitors to a country mansion, and it was "performed" with little more accompanying instrumentation than was afforded by a harpsichord and a few poor fiddles. When "Acis and Galatea" became popular, Mozart wrote fresh, but still insufficient, accompaniments; and it has been left for Mr. Costa to supply a score commensurate with modern ideas. In doing this, he of course exposed himself to much obloquy; but were Handel alive to see the manifest want of additional accompaniments to his work, in order to fit it for representation in a spacious hall, he would certainly sanction the course taken by Mr. Costa. We shall always do this gentleman the justice of remembering that he declined to interfere with the scheme of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," when it was first suggested that the fascinating libertine would find a good histrionic representative in Signor Mario, if the music were but transposed to suit his voice. It has not been, we are sure, without deliberate conviction of necessity, that Mr. Costa has taken the liberty of doing for Handel what Handel was wont to do himself. We scarcely think that Madame Novello was the right Galatea; and, admitting her vocal superiority, we should have been better pleased to see and hear Mlle. Bafle, with her fresh youthful face and voice, in the part. Mr. Montem Smith entered fully into the Handelian spirit, and sang the songs of Damon in a manner to divide applause with Mr. Sims Reeves, who was the ill-fated Acis. "Shepherd, what art thou pursuing?" and "Would you gain the tender creature?" were sung by Mr. Montem Smith in the delightful old-fashioned style associated with shepherds in broad skirted velvet coats, and shepherdesses in hooped farthingales. The choruses all went with perfect precision.

THE DUKE OF MALAKHOFF'S BRIDE.—Mademoiselle de Panieza, the Duke de Malakhoff's bride elect, has arrived in Paris. She is staying with the Countess de Montijo in the Champs Elysées, and was recently seen at the Grand Opera, with her illustrious chaperon, and was, of course, the observed of all observers. In honour of the occasion, several of the Paris journals are endeavouring to rejoin the gallant bridegroom. One of these well-intentioned friends says, "his Excellency is only sixty-one or two years of age." In point of fact, the marshal was born in 1791, but in many respects he is younger than many a man of forty. The projected marriage will not take place till after the return of the Court to Paris.

PICCOLOMINI IN DUBLIN.

On Saturday, the 28th of August, upon the occasion of Mademoiselle Piccolomini's benefit, and last appearance in Dublin, she was greeted with an ovation that amusingly smacks of Irish excitement and enthusiasm. It first showed itself at the end of "La Zingara," by the lowering of a handsome wreath from the centre gallery, and by the discharge of a severe battery of bouquets at the favoured *Prima Donna*. This scene was repeated at the termination of "La Traviata," with the accompaniment, however, of an unhappy dove—that fluttered and cooed miserably during its descent from the gallery—and by a hand-sounding bound copy of "The Irish Melodies," bearing the following inscription:—"A tribute to La Signora Piccolomini, with the assurance that in her triumphant career she never met more sincere, more respectful, more ardent wishes for her happiness here and for ever, than animate the hearts of her unknown Irish friends." This brought Piccolomini again before the curtain, where she had to sustain another fearful floral discharge. After the final scene and duo from Donizetti's "I Martiri," the grand event of the evening came off, of the "Farewell Cantata" of the Italians, written by Aldighi, and composed by Giuglini. When the curtain rose, it displayed a large inclined plane, with a ballustrade in front. Upon this was ranged, in three lines, the band of the 55th regiment, and in front of the ballustrade were the ladies of the chorus and ballet. The principal performers were ranged in a crescent after the approved operatic model. Piccolomini's solo was sung with great fervour and expression, and the end of the final chorus, "Viva l'Irlanda" was the signal for burst after burst of tremendous cheering. Of course the floral battery was again opened, and when this was exhausted, an enormous crowd collected at the stage-door. The horses were of course taken from Piccolomini's carriage, a number of young men mounted upon the roof, with flags bearing the names of Piccolomini and Giuglini. Some scores of young men in stale imitation of the Italian youth, commenced drawing the carriage, preceded by an advanced party bearing torches, and a drag filled inside with a brass band, and outside with a mob of students, who amused themselves by letting off fireworks throughout their progress to the Gresham Hotel, to which, from the immense crowd congregated, there at first was great difficulty in Piccolomini's obtaining access. This effected, Giuglini led her out upon the verandah, and when order was procured, her little voice was heard saying: "Dear people, I speak very little English. You have been very good to me; more than I deserve. I love the Irish. I hope soon to see you again. God bless you; Erin-go-bragh!" In the midst of this short speech, an accident, which was peculiarly Irish in its origin, and which might have been serious in its consequences, occurred. A young gentleman, in his enthusiasm, forgot that he was sitting upon gunpowder, and dropped his lighted cigar into the midst of the fireworks at the bottom of the drag, and immediately a crackling and blazing ensued, which, accompanied by the ludicrous contortions of the imperilled charioteers, convulsed the spectators with laughter. Giuglini then came forward, and made the following oration: "Irishmen, I love you all very much. God bless you." (Loud cheers and laughter). Some adventurous little boy now called out for a song, which had the effect of putting the Italians to a hasty flight, and concluding the evening's amusement.

Literature.

Personal Adventures During the Indian Rebellion. By WILLIAM EDWARDS. London. Smith and Elder.

MR. EDWARDS was magistrate and collector of the Budaon district, in Rohileund, where symptoms of disorder manifested themselves soon after the outbreak and massacre at Meerut. Becoming alarmed for the safety of his wife and child, he lost no time in despatching them to a place of security; but from the 28th of May until after the 27th of July, when he commenced, in his hiding place at Kussourah, the record of his flight and miraculous escape from the first series of dangers that threatened him, he received no tidings of his family. "Since the 28th of May," says Mr. Edwards (whose work is in the form of a diary, and derives additional interest from that fact) "I have heard nothing of them, and it is now doubtful whether I may ever do so or see them again in this world."

As early as the 25th of May, Mr. Edwards received intelligence that the Mahometans of Budaon were to assemble and create a riot; but for the fidelity and devotion of a Sikh peon, named Wuzeer Singh, he would in all probability have lost his life at the very commencement of the mutiny, which, in Rohileund at least, appears to have borne a marvellous resemblance to an insurrection. He informs us that "by fraud and chicanery, a vast number of the estates of families of rank and influence had been alienated, either wholly or in part, and had been purchased by new men—chiefly traders or government officials—without character or influence over their tenantry. . . . The very first people who came in to me, imploring aid, were this new proprietary body, to whom I had a right to look for vigorous and efficient efforts in the maintenance of order. On the other hand, those who really could control the vast masses of the rural population were interested in bringing about a state of disturbance and general anarchy." And again, "To the large number of these sales, during the last twelve or fifteen years, and the operation of our revenue system, which has had the result of destroying the gentry of the country, and breaking up the village communities, I attribute solely the disorganisation of this and the neighbouring districts in these provinces."

Mr. Edwards was a second time on the point of being killed, when he was saved simply through the avarice of those who meditated his death. The news of the Bareilly massacre had reached Budaon, the guard was in open mutiny, but not a man would consent to leave the immediate neighbourhood of the Treasury, lest the plundering should commence in their absence, and they should lose their share of the spoil. When the jail was broken into, and three hundred criminals set at liberty, the judge felt that it was time for him to depart. He galloped away, followed by two other Englishmen, but had not gone far when he was met by a Mahometan gentleman, who had been in the habit of visiting him, and who dissuaded him from attempting to get round the town, as the roads were crowded with sepoys and liberated convicts. The Sheikh offered the English magistrate hospitality, but it afterwards appeared advisable not to accept it, as the mutineers were now approaching Budaon in considerable numbers. Mr. Edwards, however, was shortly afterwards entertained for two or three days by another Mahometan gentleman, and he appears, on several occasions, to have received acts of kindness from natives. Indeed, otherwise, and but for the fidelity of two of his native servants, his fortitude and courage would not have availed him much, and he must have fallen into the hands of the enemy. On one occasion, an old soldier, a pensioner of the English Government, entertained the fugitives with milk and cakes, and when Mr. Edwards offered the old man money for his hospitality, he flatly refused to receive it, saying, with apparently real sorrow, "You are in far greater need than I am now, who have a home, whereas you are wanderers in the jungles."

Much excitement was caused by the discovery that the Budaon treasury contained only a lac and a half instead of seven lacs of rupees, and the plunderers determined to revenge themselves on the collector, whose life was again in imminent peril.

Then falling in with a band of horsemen, Mr. Edwards and his companions had no alternative but to cut their way through them, an operation which was attended with much difficulty and danger, and in which one of the party, Mr. Gibson, lost his life. In the affair, Mooltan Khan, one of the guides, had galloped away, as if to leave the Englishmen to their fate. Having succeeded in overtaking him, Mr. Edwards went up to Mooltan, put his hand on his shoulder, and said: "Have you a family and little children?" The man answered by a nod. "And are they not dependent on you for their bread?" he continued. "Yes," replied Mooltan. "Then," said Mr. Edwards, "so have I; and I am confident you are not the man to take my life, and

destroy their means of support." The man looked at Mr. Edwards for a moment, and then said: "I will save your life if I can; follow me." And he was as good as his word.

Having been seen to sign a communication with a signet-ring of some value, Mr. Edwards incurred the chance of being murdered for his supposed wealth, and soon afterwards (after meeting with several benevolent natives) he had again a narrow escape from another band of marauders, and had to gallop for his life along a road which lay between two burning villages.

Arriving at Futteyghur, Mr. Edwards met several English officers, who, having heard of a victory gained over the mutineers by the troops under General Wilson, were over-sanguine as to the speedy suppression of the mutiny. These officers were afterwards joined by a number of Englishmen and their wives from Dhrumapore on the other side of the Ganges; and ultimately the whole party were massacred.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Edwards had gone over to Dhrumapore, intending to remain there with Collector Probyn in the fort. But the advance of mutineers compelled the English party to retreat, and Mr. Edwards, with Wuzeer Singh (who had been separated from him during one of the encounters with the marauders, but had at length rejoined him), and Mr. and Mrs. Probyn, with their four children and their servant, left the place after a solemn assurance from Hardeo Buksh that "this blood should be shed before a hair of their heads should be touched."

About three miles from Dhrumapore is Kussourah, whither Mr. Edwards and his party proceeded with all possible haste, and where, five or six weeks afterwards, he commenced writing the first part of his deeply-interesting narrative. The place belonged to some uncles of Hurdeo Buksh, and by them the fugitives were very kindly received, though the only accommodation that could be offered to them was of the most wretched kind. From their place of refuge they could hear plainly every gun that was fired at Futteyghur, now hotly besieged. They even received communications from the Futteyghur garrison, impelling them to urge Hurdeo Buksh to move to their relief. But Hurdeo Buksh could not be prevailed upon to act. He said that he would defend his post against the mutineers, but refused to attack them, and said that he had already placed himself in a very dangerous position by harbouring the English. The firing at Futteyghur was becoming each day more desperate, and villagers who had been inside the place brought word that the defenders were quite worn out by continual fighting, that their feet and legs were so swollen with the fatigue of standing day and night at their posts that they resembled those of elephants, while their eyes were starting from their sockets for want of sleep. At last no more firing was heard; the defenders had abandoned the place during the night, and had taken to their boats. Then firing was heard again. The flying garrison were discovered, and the mutineers were massacring them!

It was now reported that the mutineers were marching against Hurdeo Buksh, and the little English party were to be sent down the river to Cawnpore, which, however, they had already heard, was in the hands of the rebels. Then they were ordered to prepare to start—without escort, and even without trustworthy boatmen—for Lucknow; but at last they obtained permission to remain at Kussourah. Here they would be quite safe when the rain began to fall, as during the wet season the surrounding streams swelled to such an extent as to insulate the place entirely from the mainland.

The life at Kussourah, during the wet season, may be said to form the second act of the terrible drama narrated by Mr. Edwards. During this period of repose, he recalls and chronicles all the incidents of his marvellous escape, and then continues, day by day, the account of what befalls him in the temporary island. He had already written to his wife, but not with pen or ink, but only the stump of a lead pencil, of which the lead was so nearly exhausted that only a little atom remained, quite loose. "I at once commenced my writing," says the author; "in the middle, the little atom of lead fell out, and I was in despair. At last, after much searching in the dust of the mud floor, I found it, and contrived to refix it in its place sufficiently to enable me to finish two very brief notes about one inch square; which was all the man could conceal about his person, or would consent to take; as it was reported that the rebels were in the habit of searching all travellers for letters or papers, and had already killed several who were discovered with English letters on them." The general plan of sending letters was in quills. The quill was sealed at both ends, and if the messenger was pursued he swallowed it. One ingenious courier placed his communication in a bamboo-cane, taking care first of all to split the bamboo in a place where the letter *wasn't*. When he was arrested, the sepoys who seized him struck the magic rod against the ground. As the sepoys had expected, it broke in two, but in the weakest place—that in which the epistle was not to be found.

The last entry Mr. Edwards made in his diary at Kussourah was on the 20th of August. The wet season was now over, the streams were beginning to dry up, and it was necessary to make an effort to reach Cawnpore, which was now in the hands of the English, under General Havelock. Here begins the third act of the drama—the shortest, but perhaps the most exciting of all.

On the 30th of August, at 7 a.m., Hurdeo Buksh himself conducted to the boat Mr. Edwards (attended by his ever faithful Wuzeer Singh), Mr. and Mrs. Probyn, and two of their children (the other two, alas! lay buried at Kussourah). Hurdeo Buksh rode with them for some miles along the banks of the stream. He enjoined them to remain under the covered part of the boat and on no account to show themselves. To secure the fidelity of the boatmen he had seized their families, who were only to be released on the news reaching him of the safe arrival of the passengers at Cawnpore. The matchmen (there were eleven of them) were Hurdeo's immediate retainers, but Mr. Edwards appears to have had no great faith in them for all that. The boat was continually challenged from the shore, and the story told to the sentinels was that a portion of Hurdeo Buksh's family was being conveyed down the river to the estate of their relative, Dhurra Singh. Sometimes the boatmen were ordered to pull to the shore, at others they were charged plainly with concealing Englishmen on board; once the little vessel was nearly wrecked; on another occasion guns were fired in its direction; but thanks to Hurdeo Buksh's precautions, and thanks to Providence, the marvellous adventures of Mr. Edwards at last terminated in his safe arrival at Cawnpore. The sail down the river had occupied twenty-seven hours, and at the very last moment a picket of Sikhs, not imagining the boat could contain friends, were just capping their muskets to fire, when Wuzeer Singh hailed them in their own dialect, and explained the matter. The officers and men congratulated them on their escape, and seemed as heartily rejoiced as if they had been their own countrymen. The effect on the English may be imagined. As for Mr. Edwards himself, he was just able to tell one of his friends that the Probyns were in the boat, when everything seemed to swim around him, and he fell to the ground from excitement and exhaustion. Then, when he recovered, every one was anxious to hear how the little party had escaped; and the history of their adventures, told so simply and so pathetically in the volume before us, forms one of the most deeply interesting narratives we have ever met with.

DUEL IN PARIS.—A duel has lately been fought in Paris, the principals in which both bore illustrious names. One, a French duke, is very young; and the other, an Italian duke, is about forty. The dispute arose relative to a well-known member of the demi-monde. The Frenchman, entering the circus of the Champs Elysées, with this person on his arm, passed before the Italian and bowed to him. The latter turned away his head, and did not think proper to return the salutation. The Frenchman stepped up to him, and said: "M. le due, I think I am of sufficiently good birth for my salute to be acknowledged." "I do not choose to do so," replied the other. "I will compel you," was the rejoinder. Saying this, the Frenchman put his hand to the hat of the Italian, and removed it. The noise of a slap in the face was then heard, and a meeting was arranged for the following morning. The Italian had the choice of arms, and selected the sabre, but the seconds decided that swords should be used, for, as neither was an adept with that weapon, their chances would be rendered equal. The Frenchman was wounded in the wrist, and the seconds then stopped the affair.

BY THE SEASIDE—NO. XII. BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

It was the beginning of August when "a Bill" was brought into our house, the preamble of which ran thus:—"Whereas the members of this house have been confined for six months in London to the great injury of their health, &c., &c., it is expedient that the said members should for the recruitment of their health, &c., &c., adjourn to the seaside, &c., &c." This preamble was settled and passed amidst loud cheers, and we next proceeded to discuss the clauses of the Bill. The first was to settle the whereabouts, the *lors in quo*. The second, how we were to go, the *quomodo*; and, the third, the when, the *quando*. After some discussion, it was unanimously settled that Boulogne-sur-Mer should be our location: our route, the river Thames and the sea. One honourable member proposed the *rid* Folkestone, but as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I objected on the ground that, in "the present state of the revenue," I could not accede to this expensive route. And then, as to the when, we determined to start on the 11th of August, and so the Bill was passed; and as in our constitution no power has a veto upon our proceedings, the executive was ordered to carry out its provisions forthwith. And certainly, I will say for our government, nothing could have been done more promptly. The money was forthcoming out of the ordinary revenue, without having recourse to a loan; and the commissariat department most effectually provided for the wants of the expedition. At nine o'clock in the morning we were at London Bridge Wharf, where we found one of the boats of the General Steam Navigation Company to carry us to our destination. And here I must pause at the threshold of our expedition to remark upon the strange fact, that the vast commercial city of London, into which, and out of which, there are more people come and go by boat and ship by thousands a day than to and from any other port in the world, has no public quay. Indeed, no quay at all. At London Bridge, where so many steamers fill and empty, nothing can be more wretched and inconvenient than the accommodation. It is with the utmost difficulty that you can get near the boat with a cab; and when you do, how to get out, especially if you have ladies or children with you, is a problem of no easy solution. Surely, the London Corporation, as conservators of the Thames, must be to blame for this disgraceful state of things. One would think that the Corporation of a vast commercial city would deem it to be one of its special duties to provide a public quay for its traffic and commerce. I trust the Home Secretary will take a note of this disgraceful fact: that while probably every commercial town in the world has a more or less commodious quay, London, the largest city on the globe, *has none*. The pushing, crowding, shouting, screaming of the 250 people who were going by our boat, and their attendant cabinmen and porters, and the disorder and confusion which reigned were enough to deter all but people of the strongest nerves from embarking again at this wretched place. Surely the steam boat company itself should look to this.

THE VOYAGE.

The boat we found ourselves on board was extremely well "found" in the steward's department, which of course is important if the sea be smooth—if the sea be rough, not so important. In this case, the sea was smooth as a mill-pond when the mill is not going. The Spirit of Sea Sickness had no mission that day to torment our internal parts—or *infernal* parts—as Mrs. Malaprop would say; and therefore rested in the vasty deep, to the great gain of the steward and loss of the fishes. This calm was less romantic than a storm would have been, but infinitely more pleasant. From London Bridge to the Channel nothing occurred worth noting, excepting what has been often enough described. The weather was superb—sea calm as a lake—a sky cloudless—and our ship driving on at ten knots. But off Calais the scene changed; dark heavy clouds rolled up from the south; and the sea, which had hitherto been as green as a meadow, assumed the colour of ink. And now we saw a sight which was worth coming for, if we had turned back and seen no more. Low down in the west the large round sun, of the colour of blood, and discernible through an opening in the clouds, was setting, and threw, as he went down, a long broad line of lurid light across the inky waters right up to the vessel. We arrived at Boulogne at eight o'clock, just as the town and harbour were lighted up. It has always struck me that there is nothing more romantic than the view as you approach a town like Boulogne by water at night. The lights in the houses and those which fringe the harbour, repeated in long perpendicular lines of fire in the water below, make a scene that always surprises and delights me, though I have seen the same a score of times. It is like a dream more than a reality—a dream of the "Arabian Nights."

There is a vulgar error that Boulogne is now entirely an English town—"dreadfully English," as I heard a lady drawlingly say; but it is not an English town. True, there is a large number of English there—in the season as many as 12,000—but still the town is essentially French. Witness that discord and gabble, that clatter of wooden shoes, and that rush of white-capped women streaming on to the deck to carry off our luggage to the Custom-house. We also found another sign that we were not in England, as we had to give in our passports to an official who took care to see that they were *en règle* before he allowed us to depart. As soon as we left the office, we were assailed as usual by the touts of the various hotels—"Hôtel du Nord," "Hôtel de Folkestone," "Hôtel des Bains," &c., &c. But I had chosen my domicile for the night, and having called out the name, all further importunity ceased; the "commissioner" of my hotel came forward, and at once conducted us thither, and to him I gave my keys, with a list of my boxes, &c. Travellers may clear their own luggage, but unless they understand the language well and the *modus operandi*, I would not advise them to do so. The "commissioner" will do it for them much quicker, save them a deal of trouble, and the charge will only be a franc or two. I chose an English hotel, and for this reason: though you constantly hear that "everybody speaks French," I do not, at least not very intelligibly—and I like "comfort" too well to go where I cannot make myself promptly and clearly understood. But though I went to an English hotel, there were not wanting indications that we were not in England. At the *table d'hôte* we had mutton, beef, and English edibles, and our landlord weighed twenty stone at least, and sat at the head of the table; but amongst themselves the servants chattered French, and so did our host when he addressed them. And, moreover, it was observable, that whilst most of the English drank pale ale, he imbibed claret from a tumbler. And in the bed-rooms, if there was nothing else un-English, the smallness of the bit of soap and the water-jugs were remarkably so. There was one incident which, however, made me think I was still in my own land. At eleven I went to bed and to sleep, but was soon aroused by a serenade of cats in the courtyard before the house, which was entirely English; and I was led to reflect, that either cats were not punished at Babel by a confusion of tongues, or else that these were English cats. The disturbance, however, was soon over; for whether feline assemblies are not allowed under the present régime, I cannot tell, but certainly this was dispersed in a very unceremonious manner; for whilst the music was at its height, I heard the heavy tramp of an official, an excretion in French, the hurling of some missile, and as Milton has it, "Silence was pleased." Milton, however, meant that "Silence was pleased to be disturbed, so beautiful was the music that 'rose like a stream of rich perfume upon the desert air.'" But here she was pleased that the music ceased; at least, if she was not, I was.

LODGING, VICTUALS, DRINK, DONKEYS, ETC.

To all who are "about to go to Boulogne to live very cheaply," we say—not. The cheapness of Boulogne is a fiction. It is not a dear place compared with England, but certainly it is not remarkable for cheapness. Lodgings, bread, meat, fish, vegetables, grocery, are nearly as dear as they are in English towns. Wines and spirits are cheap, but nothing else that I can find. Poultry is low-priced, but not cheap. You may get a fowl for a franc and a half; but what a fowl! I have seen pigeons larger. Let me, however, do justice to the donkeys. They are really good and cheap. You may get a donkey, and "one what will go," for half a franc per hour. Nor are carriages dear. The legal charge is two francs and a half an hour, but by bargaining beforehand you may get them much cheaper.

A HUNT FOR LODGINGS.

My first care on the morning after my arrival at Boulogne was to hunt for lodgings. Living at an hotel did not suit my book. It is too expensive,

and is, moreover, too unhomelike for my English habits. "May I not do as I will at mine own inn?" is a question which I have found by experience can seldom be answered in the affirmative. You cannot make an English home at an hotel; and wherever I am, a home I must have—not only a bed-room, but a parlour of my own, on which I can turn my key—a castle into which no one has a right to intrude. So before breakfast I set out upon my search for this *sine quid non*, and scarcely had I begun when I met an old acquaintance—an Irishman—who eagerly proffered his help. "Ah, sure," said he, "and what is it that's brought ye to Boulogne all the way from London? And what is it you're looking for?" "Well," said I, after returning his greeting, "I am looking for lodgings." "Is it lodgings ye're looking for?—then it's I that can help you. There's a widow woman just here who has rooms to let—a particular friend of mine. Come with me." And so away we went till we got to the shore, and to a small house thereon. "Halloo," said my friend, knocking at this door with his stick, "Mrs. What's-her-name, have ye any lodgings to let?" "Yes, sir," said a comely-looking dame; "three chambers and a sitting-room." "By the powers, it's just the thing; let's look at them." Whereupon we went up stairs, and surveyed the apartments—a small sitting-room, two reasonably large bed-rooms, and a closet not big enough to swing a cat therein; but as I could say with Mr. Dick in "David Copperfield," "I didn't want to swing a cat," that was of no consequence, the room or closet did not please me. "And now, what's your charge?" said I. "Sixteen guineas per month." "And, by the powers, very reasonable, too," replied my friend. "Reasonable, do you call it?" I replied. "I think them monstrously dear." "Is it dear you call it—sixteen guineas for a month's lodging, board, washing, and attendance? Faith, I wish I could get all that done for the money." "Not board and washing," said the lady, "only lodging and attendance." "Not board? then I see what it is, you are just one of those conspirators against the prosperity of Boulogne who mean to drive all the English away." "It's the height of the season," replied the dame. "Sason, is it? next year ye'll have no sason at all. Do ye think that we'll come over here to be robbed, when all that sort of thing can be done so much better at home? Bon jour—which means the top of the morning to you, madam; we'll go further if we fare worse." And so we left to seek lodgings elsewhere. But as it was now breakfast-time, we parted, my friend promising to make inquiries for me. After breakfast, however, I set out by myself, and after "sundry long sallies through lanes and blind alleys," I at last found what I wanted at less than half the figure that my friend's friend had demanded.

SOME ACCOUNT OF BOULOGNE.

Boulogne is more than a mere watering-place like Margate, Ramsgate, &c.—it is really a fine old town; the permanent residence of many hundreds of English families, and moreover now it is the great highway to Paris, Switzerland, and the East; and therefore a notice of Boulogne can never be out of date. This town, say the guide books, is very ancient, was a town in the days of Julius Caesar, has many ancient Roman remains, and has been the scene of numerous battles; all of which I need not dwell upon, for what town in Europe does not make these boast? Julius Caesar went everywhere; at least, I never went into a town of any antiquity or village that could not point out some mound or other which the great Roman conqueror threw up. And as to battles, I can well believe all that is said on this point. The inhabitants of the earth have been quarrelling and fighting ever since Cain slew Abel, and it is easy therefore to imagine that Boulogne has had its battles and sieges like all other places. That the town is ancient, there are certain signs. That it is handsome and picturesque, every one may see. And it is evident that of late years, owing to its popularity as a summer resort, it has vastly increased in size.

SITUATION, ETC.

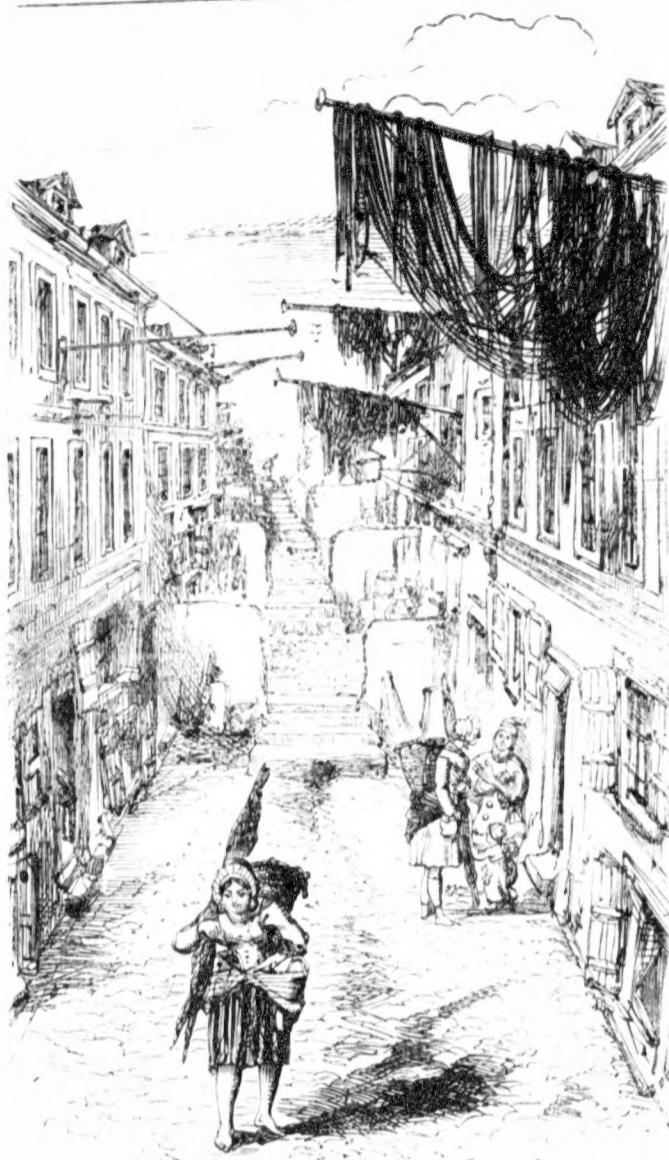
As you enter the harbour of Boulogne, which is the mouth of the river Liane, on each side of you there is a wooden pier, that on the right 2,114 feet long, and that on the left somewhat shorter. The town of Boulogne lies principally on the left; and with the exception of a street or so, lies on the side of the hill, which rises to a considerable height from the shore. On the right of the river is the suburb of Capercure. Boulogne is divided into two parts, the *Haute Ville*, or High Town, and the *Basse Ville*, or Low Town. The *Haute Ville* is the ancient Boulogne, and is surrounded by ramparts.

THE FISHERMEN'S QUARTER.

The houses which first attract your notice on the left, immediately behind the range of hotels on the port, and packed one above the other on the top of the hill, constitute the fishermen's quarter. And to me it was not only first in position but first in interest. Boulogne was formerly almost entirely occupied by fishermen; but as it became a fashionable watering-place, these sturdy people were gradually driven from the broader streets to the loiter but more confined locality which now they have entirely to themselves. It is situated as I have said on the eastern hill at the entrance of the harbour; and so steep is the hill from the port that the ascent is by flights of steps—streets of steps, with granite houses on each side. And overhead, projecting from the antique foreign-looking dormer windows, are long poles with nets hanging thereon. So, to get from the port to the fishermen's quarter you walk upstairs under a canopy of nets. The houses in this quarter are generally not lofty, seldom exceeding two storeys, but are built of stone, massively; and the rooms are spacious. As the hill on which the houses are built is very uneven, the streets are narrow, circuitous, and steep:—in fact, built just as the unevenness of the ground necessitates. The only place which I remember at all like this part of Boulogne is Guernsey.

THE INHABITANTS.

The inhabitants are all engaged—men, women, and children—in catching fish, selling fish, or in making and mending nets. It is true that here and there, there is a shop or an *estaminet*; but the business of these is carried on either by the wives or widows of fishermen, or by superannuated men too old to go out in the boats. In short, it is a colony of hardy, primitive fishermen, as much apart from the rest of Boulogne as if they lived a hundred miles away. Some of the peculiarities of these people are very singular. In the first place, I learned that they are proud and exclusive; for whilst they all work hard—the men on the sea and the women at home at net-mending and selling the produce of their husband's labours—they entertain such a sense of their own superiority to the bourgeoisie below, that if any one of their class, man or woman, were to marry a shop-keeper, he or she would lose caste, and it is said would be driven from the community. And this has always been their character. Formerly, nearly the whole of the town was in their hands, and the shopkeepers were considered to be a lower race, tolerated as necessary to minister to their wants. And though this has changed, and the greater part of Boulogne is occupied by the people whom they look down upon, they still entertain the same feelings. Now I confess that I was not a little pleased to hear of this peculiarity. It smells of old times, long before noblemen chaffered in our markets and shopkeepers aspired to legislative honours. Manchester utilitarians may decry this feeling, and modern moralists may find no difficulty in proving that it is wrong; but still I for one do honestly acknowledge that I was not sorry to find, in the jumble of confusion which wealth and civilisation have introduced, a vein of the old metal, some of the raciness, of ancient days. And when I saw these tall, sturdy fellows tramping down the stairs from their heights, dressed in their rough woollen shirts, huge boots reaching to their hips, and red worsted caps, and thought of them as secretly looking with contempt upon the crowd of London and Paris swells as they passed, I could not help feeling respect for the men. To analyse this feeling of mine I am not very careful, but it seems to me to spring from this consideration: these fishermen are realities—what they seem they are, and no shams. But of all those crowds of people parading the shores of our fashionable watering-places, of how many can we say the same? These sturdy men, whilst they refuse to stoop to those whom they fancy are beneath them, will not, on the other hand, flunkey to those above them. But can we say this of that crowd of Ramsgate visitors, which your artist so cleverly depicted in your paper a year or two back? In this Fisherman Quarter, a duchess might pass through without notice, and a millionaire draper would be looked upon with silent contempt; but let either of these personages do the affable on Ramsgate sands, and what a flutter there would be! And how many of



STREET IN THE FISHERMAN'S QUARTER, BOULOGNE.

those moustached clerks and broad-brimmed ladies would like their own or papas' callings proclaimed? But, to leave this, another peculiarity of these people is, they are not only proud, but very religious. Seldom, I have learned, do the men go out on a voyage, and especially in bad weather, but they first pay a visit to their favourite shrine at the little chapel dedicated to "Jesus Fligellié," a mile or two from the town. Sometimes a crowd of these men may be seen on the road to this church as early as four o'clock in the morning; and when on shore they are most devout and constant attendants, with their wives and children, at mass. So much for the fishermen's religion. I learn further that they are rich. And I was not surprised to hear this when I saw their dwellings, for both here and at Portel, another fisherman's colony, two miles to the west, I observed in their houses evidences, if not of wealth, of comfort and easy circumstances very uncommon amongst this class in England. For instance, in the lower room, into which I could see through the open doorways as I passed, I noticed in many cases furniture of a very superior style and quality. In one I saw two handsome oak wardrobes—indeed in every one there was something of this sort. In others, French clocks under glass shades, beds in the corner with crimson morocco hangings, pictures, and handsome crucifixes. Indeed, if there were not signs of wealth, there were certain indications that the tenants were a long way from being poor.

THE WOMEN.

The women I understand manage all the business transactions, the husband having nothing to do but to fish. The produce of his labours on his landing the wife immediately takes charge of, sells it, and keeps the money. To such an extent is this system carried out, that I have heard that the husband knows no more of his pecuniary affairs than a stranger does—neither knows, inquires, nor cares. His duty is to go out in all

weathers, calm or storm, night or day, as the tide serves, and this he does; but to sell the fish, take care of the money, mind the household affairs, spin the yarn and make the nets, these are his wife's concern. The young women are generally good looking, with pretty blue eyes; but they soon get plain from hard work and exposure to the weather, and when old they are very ugly. Their dress is just as it was a hundred years ago—a cap white as snow, with beautifully plaited front, carefully covered with a kerchief when they are out of doors on business, woollen gown tucked up

to show a red petticoat, which comes down to the middle of the calves of the legs, blue stockings, or sometimes pink or white, and a sturdy pair of shoes. This is their ordinary dress, which, however, is slightly varied when they go to mass or to dance at a *fête*. Fashion they never ape. All the female world besides may vary their head-dress, from the most preposterously small bouquets that ever hung on the back hair of a lady's head, to the most formidable broad-brimmed tile; but the Boulogne fishermen's wives and daughters never change. They are fishermen's wives and daughters, and such they are proud to be thought. "*O si sic amnes!*" but it is not so. The object of dress now is to make



INTERIOR OF A FISHERMAN'S HOME.



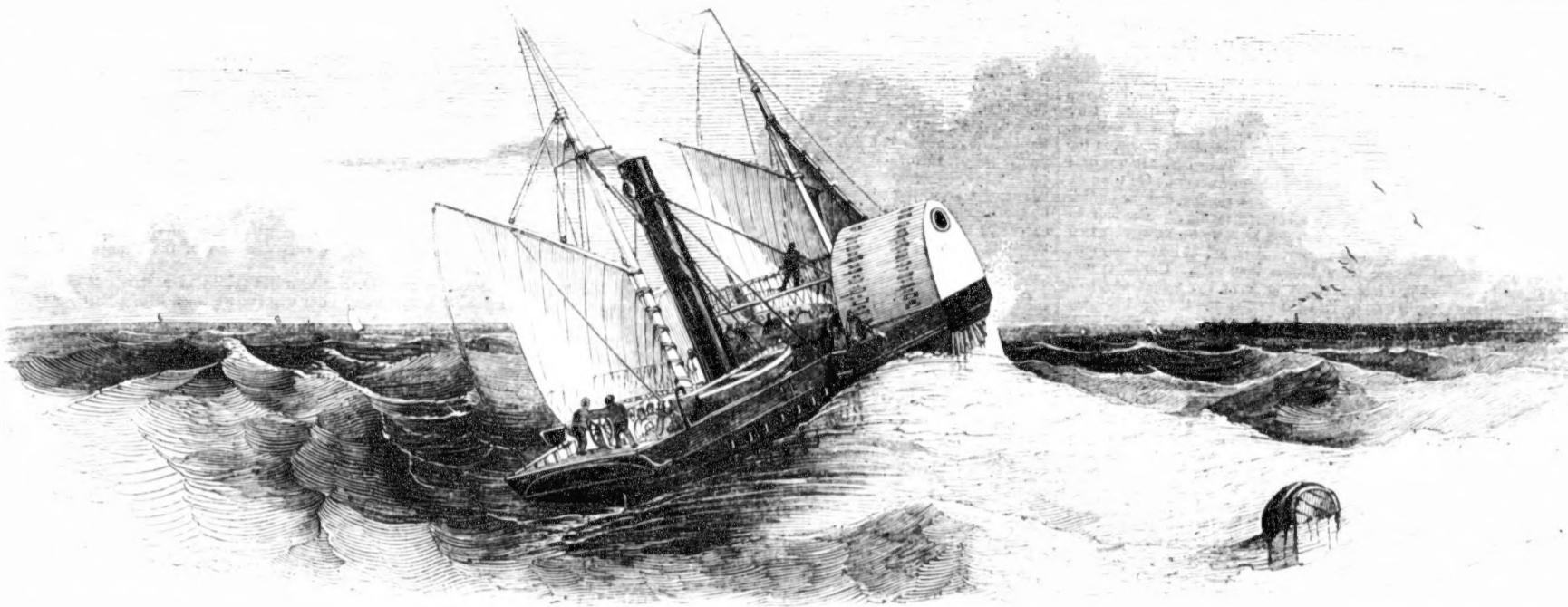
SHRIMPING AT AMBLETEUSE.



BOULOGNE FISHERMEN.



BOULOGNE SHRIMPWOMAN.



THE FOLKESTONE BOAT.

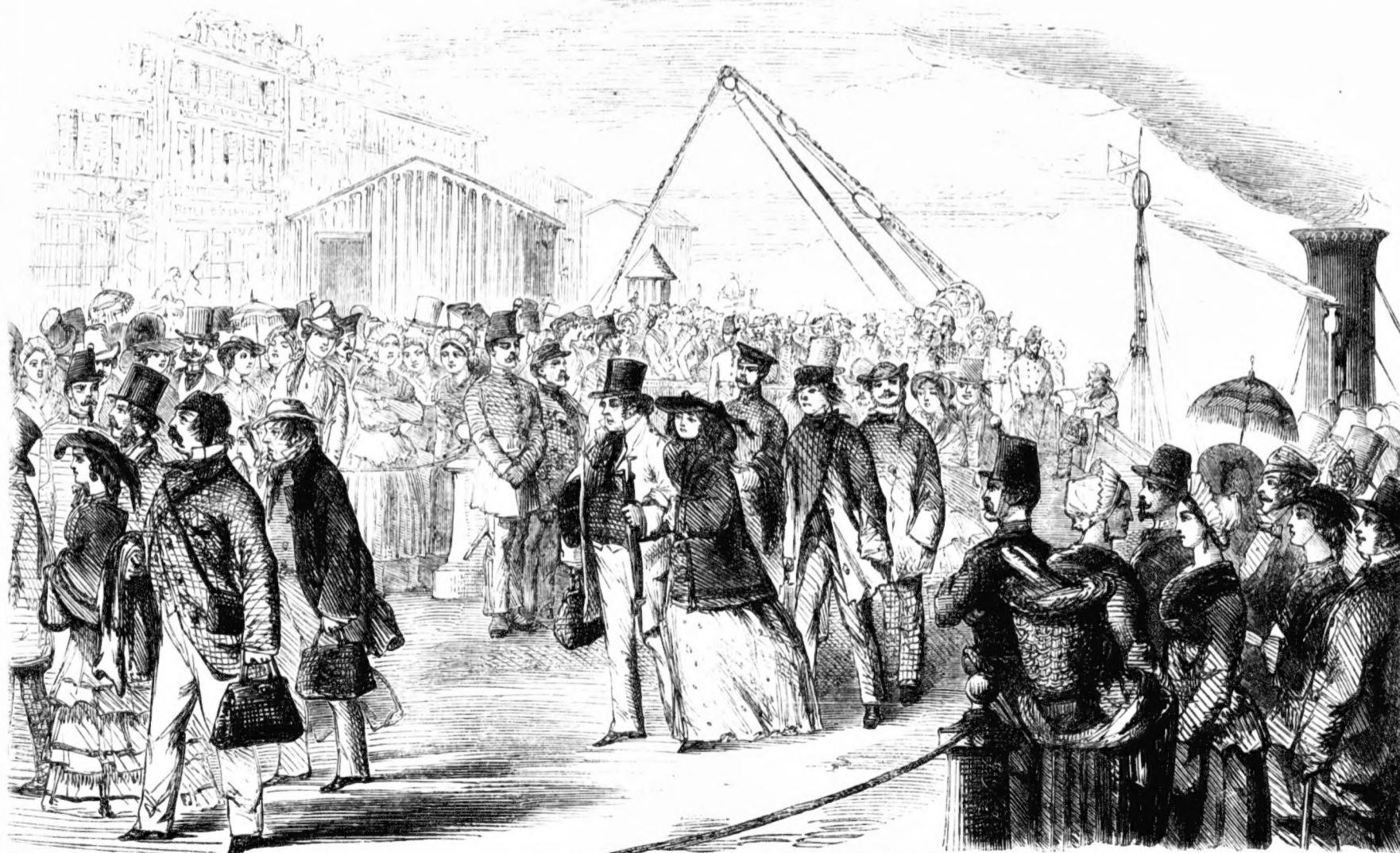


SHIPMING A SEA.

everybody think we are not what we are, as language was once described by a witty statesman to be intended to conceal, and not to disclose our thoughts. *Mem.*—The fishermen's wives and daughters must not be confounded with the naked-legged female shrimpers who make the Londoners stare—these females shrimpers are of the lower class.

THE FOLKESTONE BOAT will soon be off; and as there is "a rough sea on," let us go and see how she will meet the tremendous swell which is dashing over the pier head. The balls on the mast head at the Lighthouse show that the water is sufficiently high, and therefore in a few minutes she will start. It had been blowing hard all night from the north, and the wind had churned up the sea into a state of turbulence and commotion, which made a voyage across the Channel, in the teeth of wind and tide, by no means a pleasant prospect to bad sailors. But as I was not going, I could afford to enjoy the sight. The water in Boulogne harbour is, I should fancy, mostly smooth; but just outside there is a bar of sand, and when the tide is coming in, with a strong wind behind it, the waves rise over the bar to a great height. And when these light Folkestone steamers—made, as they are, especially for speed—dash at these waves, it is a sight worth seeing. On this occasion the sea was uncommonly rough; the waves along the line at the mouth of the port literally appeared to run mountains high. Swiftly and smoothly, with full steam on, came the boat, and when she attacked the waves, it seemed as if she must be buried in the water; but she rose like a cork, lifting her prow out of the waves as if she would

come right over, just as I have seen a rearing horse overbalance himself and fall backwards. But, no! her prow now pitches downwards, and up goes her stern, and the first great line of waves is surmounted; but from what I could see, not until the decks had been swept fore and aft, the passengers thoroughly drenched, and "the stomach pun p" of bad sailors, like myself, set in motion. For miles away I could see her riding joyously on the waves; sometimes lifting her stern so high that I could see her keel, and anon so buried in the trough of the sea, that nothing but her funnel and masts were visible. It was a fine sight, that little boat dashing over the waters against wind and tide. Forty years ago no ship could have left the harbour, but now, in despite of wind and tide, in two hours and a quarter this dashing little boat will be across the Channel. And see also how the fishing-boats are running in. For an hour or more they have been lying off waiting for the tide, their masters, looking at their big watches, and watching for the signal at the pier. And now a whole fleet is dashing in, one boat after another. Their motion is nothing to that of the steamer, but then they have wind and tide in their favour, which makes a difference. The night before the day on which this steamer started was frightfully stormy, a really tremendous gale blowing all night long. The London boat was out that night, and so terrified were the passengers, that they demanded of the captain, when at the Nore, that he would return. But there is no "constitution" on board ship. "Voice of the people," and settling matters by majorities, are arrangements unknown there. Your captain is a despot, amenable



PASSENGERS LANDING FROM THE FOLKESTONE BOAT.

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